



THE VOYAGEUR

1966-67





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**THE VOYAGEUR
VOLUME XL**

**PICKERING COLLEGE
NEWMARKET
ONTARIO**

**Edited and Published
by
The Staff and Students
of Pickering College,
Newmarket, Ontario**

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JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY
1788 — 1847

Dedication

In the one hundred and twenty-fifth year since our founding in 1842 it is with pride and gratitude that we dedicate this issue of the *Voyageur* to Joseph John Gurney who first encouraged Friends in Upper Canada to establish a boarding school. A brother of Elizabeth Fry, Joseph John Gurney was an outstanding and influential minister of the Society of Friends in England. The son of a wealthy Quaker banker, educated at Oxford, he became a foremost evangelical leader, an eloquent speaker and a forceful writer in Quaker affairs. He shared with his sister Elizabeth Fry the belief in the dire need for prison reform, he spoke and worked against the evils of slavery and he always showed a deep interest in education.

Joseph John Gurney paid two visits to Canada in 1838 and 1839. During the Canada Half-Year Meeting held at Yonge Street in 1839, he strongly advised the founding of a boarding school for the education of Friends' children in Canada and made a very handsome gift of money to set the project in motion. Thanks to him the school was in full operation in the spring of 1842 near Picton in Prince Edward County. Those of us at Pickering College in 1967 owe much to the vision and devotion of Joseph John Gurney and those early Friends of over one hundred and twenty-five years ago.



Thoughts On Our One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Anniversary

In Canada's Centennial Year our people are taking time to look back to the beginning of our nation and the course it has followed in its first hundred years. Today Canada has many problems, but we cannot help but feel a pride in our country and a hope that the goals of our founders will be reached. If you share this feeling of pride and hope, your generation must work towards a strong spirit of national unity based on economic stability.

This year those of us associated with Pickering College have also been looking back to our beginning, the founding of our school one hundred and twenty-five years ago in 1842. We too have a feeling of pride in our Quaker founders and in the faith and philosophy which have produced our school as we know it today. Just as our national task is far from being completed, so too our educational goals present challenging demands to all Pickering people, masters, students and graduates.

To understand these demands we must remain sensitive to the concerns felt by the Society of Friends during the past three hundred years. These include the conviction that man should not destroy his fellow man, that man should not enslave his fellow man, that man must devote his energies to the social and economic welfare of his fellow man. Underlying these practical concerns is the belief that violence and force produce no lasting good. Surely, therefore, the task of your generation must be to work towards these same goals, peace for all, freedom for all, justice for all. This is indeed a tall order, but our Quaker founders and their successors did not flinch when faced by insuperable odds. Nor shall we.

What does this mean to you as students of Pickering College? Surely it means that you must develop yourselves in every possible way so that you will be able to help mankind attain a peaceful way of life amid conditions of good health and food and shelter. Your part in this endeavour falls into two steps. The first stage is the development of an attitude which reflects concern for your neighbour and this must be done in your adolescent years. That is why your school must stress the importance of an unselfish attitude towards "the other fellow", that is why at Pickering you must work not just for yourself but for the good of the group. With this realization that the only purpose of existence is to be of some use to others, then you are ready for the second stage, the training of whatever talents you may possess. In this way I hope that you will see yourself as part of a noble scheme wherein your every action does have a bearing, no matter how insignificant, on man's destiny. If you understand this, you will also understand why so many of our daily routines at Pickering take on such significance, for example, your attitude towards academic assignments, your attitude towards leave contracts, your attitude towards your neighbour. Our thoughts on our history and on our heritage open up great possibilities for you in the future. Make sure that you are prepared to make your contribution to that future.

—Harry M. Beer,
Headmaster.



STAFF

Back Row: J.R. Leach, B.N. Forhan, Ewald Bode, Allen Shully, E.M. Veale, S.K. Fraser.

Middle Row: Dennis Keenan, W.H. Jackman, K.G. McLaren, A. Advokaat, Harry Huriy, John Cook, Kevin Tunney.

Front Row: Raja Gopal, J.D. Purdy, Rory MacDiarmid, Harry M. Beer, J.D. Jefferson, A.H. Jewell, D.J. Menard.

Editorial

An experience often does not take on any vital meaning until viewed in retrospect. This may be true of our lives at Pickering College during its 125th anniversary. Many, if not most, of us may have been too deeply involved in daily routine to be fully aware of what our being here on the Hilltop was all about. It seems that it is only by looking back that our perceptions are made more acute in observing the values derived from being a part of the brotherhood that is Pickering. It is then that we realize more completely that we have achieved greater respect for learning, greater respect for athletics, greater respect for ourselves. I like to think that *The Voyageur* is a vessel by which our memories may make the return journey to those formative years of our lives we spent at Pickering.

— *Paul Maurice*

School Committee

The work of the School Committee during Centennial Year continued to reflect the spirit of mutual trust and cooperation which has always characterized this unique aspect of life at Pickering College.

The Committee was inaugurated to safeguard student morale. It is elected by the student body to promote a closer understanding between staff and students, and has been instrumental in developing harmony and helpfulness.

The work of the School Committee varies greatly. It organizes school dances and social functions, but its most important aspect has traditionally been to assist both students and Headmaster to overcome the problems which inevitably arise in any community. It has often been asked to counsel boys who had problems or were in some difficulty. It, too, is often consulted regarding the rules and regulations which school life requires.

This has been a good year for Pickering College and the School Committee. Cooperation and mutual understanding between staff and student have made our work easier, and our role in student government more rewarding.

— *David Crook*



Centennial Dinner Address

An address given by John W. Holmes, Director-General of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, at the official opening of the new Dining Hall of Pickering College on March 11th, 1967, in honour of the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Pickering College and the one hundredth birthday of Confederation. Mr. Holmes is a former member of our staff.

Ladies, students of Pickering College and other gentlemen. If I tell you it is an honour and privilege to be here, you will assume that is the first line I use on every speech day. You would be wrong. This is an occasion like no other. For one thing, it is the first time I have ever been asked to open a dining hall, blessing its rafters and christening its china. I am more often asked to talk about recognizing China. The last time I opened my mouth here at lunch was in company with Nobby Wirkowski, a very nice guy who was then coach of the Argos. But on this double anniversary I am not associated with a lost cause. It is a special joy for me also to give my first lecture to the wise man who taught me to want to be a historian, Dr. Arthur Dorland, and to whom I owe an early inculcation of the principles of generosity and tolerance in looking at man's history. I profited from the Quakers even before I came here.

In such company I am unwisely going to be a bit historical this afternoon. My subject on the programme seems to be, "O Canada", but whether it should be spelled this way or "OH, Canada!" I am not sure.

This is the unique occasion also because it is the only chance any of us will have to hold our 100th and 125th birthdays at once — or even separately. This is also the unique school. For me it still recalls the happiest and perhaps even the most profitable days of my life. When I finally tore myself away, I made sure of a permanent connexion and free meals by picking out the man most likely to succeed and introducing my sister to him. As Mr. Rogers talked about the history of this, one of the oldest schools of Canada, I know we all felt happy to be part of that distinguished tradition. I think we are all aware furthermore, much more aware than they are themselves, of what we all owe to the remarkable Rogers family — and I am not just thinking of the fact that Sam Rogers used to sign the first pay-cheques I ever got. There are so many old friends and worthy people here that I shall be in trouble if I start mentioning them. If I miss any of you I shall pick you up at the next centennial. However, I cannot refrain from noting with respect the great Headmaster who brought me here and put up with me. The McCulley impact on Canadian education was a remarkable one. I find myself remembering him today, however, less as the great educator he was and more as the towering figure who had almost as much vitality in his thirties as he has now. When we used to try to play tennis where these floors now rest, we could always hear Joe rendering for us from his bath the entire choral movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

This year, 1967, is being proclaimed a year to look forward, a time to contemplate our second century or, in the case of this College, the last three quarters of our second century. I am all in favour of the forward look, but on this occasion I would like to defy the fashion and direct your attention backwards. Sometimes, like hockey players, we have to turn backwards to see our own goal. Put this down to my extreme old age if you like. I don't pretend to be the voice of youth; I am getting ready for my own personal second century, and I feel like it. I promise, however, to end up on the note you have every right to expect — that young people of today are a very good thing and on the right



Centennial Dinner Speaker, John W. Halmes, with Eric Ferguson, Edmund Rynard, The Headmaster, and Clark Lackley.

track and we all have great hope in the future of our country and this school because of your shining faces, clean, fresh minds, and short hair — sheared every September by the Headmaster, I am told, without any regard for artistic values.

So now that I have given you my finale, I can get on with the speech.

I have proved, I hope, that I am not anti-youth; I wouldn't dare. Still I am going to stick up for your ancestors, now that I am beginning to feel more and more like an ancestor myself.

Recently *The Times of London* published a special supplement on Canada which began with a statement of a young Canadian from Alberta where, if you believe the Calgary Chamber of Commerce, people stay young till the age of ninety. She said she had a lot of faith in this country, and that was nice of her. She and Edmonton seemed to be doing very well, but she had a great big chip on her shoulder about everybody who had had anything to do with Canada up until about February, 1967. The only way to make progress, she seemed to suggest, was to kick over the traces. This isn't unusual; I shared the same view until about September, 1933, when I started confronting the brute facts of life as Master in charge of the senior corridor. It was during the Depression, and as jobs were scarce, tired parents used to send their sons back to school till they were about 44. At least, I was 22, and that's how old they looked to me. Now I have aged, like a piece of old Ontario cheddar, and I have acquired more interest and affection for the ingredients that went into me. We can't build a strong country unless we understand the nature of its foundations. Surely that is one of the elementary facts of construction.

In our case that means going back much more than one hundred years — back to the more glamorous parts before our souls were deadened in the noble but boring struggle for responsible government. Professor Purdy may leave the room. One of the crazy ideas we must get rid of is the illusion that we are a young country. We are young in the sense that we have good teeth and our best years are ahead of us, but there has been a country called Canada for three and a half centuries. It is important right now to get our vision of this country straight by recognizing that we didn't start with Sir John A. Macdonald or even Sir Guy Carleton but with Samuel de Champlain — the man from Orillia. This is not the hundredth birthday of Canada; it's the hundredth birthday of Confederation. Even as a Confederation we are about the same age as Germany and Italy and really ancient compared with most members of the United Nations. And we are older even than Champlain because our political and cultural roots began in Britain and France and the many other countries from which our ancestors sprang — or were sprung. For too long we have used this excuse of youth to explain away our failures — as the reason why we don't produce great plays, beautiful cities with sidewalks, or beautiful television shows like *The Beverly Hillbillies* — or win international tournaments. Moscow is, after all, over nine hundred years old; so how could we expect to stand up to their hockey team with a few nice boys from Winnipeg and little Carl Brewer. As a respectable old lady of 350 — well partly respectable — it is time we got off this youth kick.



John W. Holmes speaks to the school on Canada.

I am not arguing that we should wrap up our great figures of the past in Hollywood-style glamour — although I would put Simon Fraser up against Batman any day, or Louis Riel against Fidel Castro. We had plenty of fools and crackpots, like other countries. It is well, however, at this time to pause and think of the fabulous miracle that we are. There was Father Brébeuf making his way to Midland without a skidoo, and all those other hearty chaps two and even three hundred years ago climbing over mountains or building railways or fighting off bears and Yankees at sixty below — before the invention of nylon or Instant Breakfast. You may think you hear too much just now about the Fathers of Confederation. They look pretty stodgy in that picture with all their shrubbery. But they were very young men by today's political standards — nearly all in their thirties and forties — and they had the crazy faith to believe that a million or so scattered colonists could establish dominion from sea to sea and make a success of it. Next time you are flying to Vancouver or Halifax or Inuvik for the weekend just look down all the way and think of it. Of course, we owe a great debt of gratitude as in so many things to our American neighbours. During the 1860's they were good enough to scare the pants off us at regular intervals and make us

realize that we would have to link up or shut up. We have been lucky, of course, that although they talked pretty aggressive and were awfully noisy, they never had their hearts in being real nasty.

This isn't going to be a history lesson, *not* in front of Professor Purdy — if he's still here. My message is simple and obvious; it is just to say to you as convincingly as I can as a survivor of some of the most exciting years of Canada's history, that there is really nothing square in this hip age (if I've got my adjectives right) with feeling romantic about it. There are times when the very thought of Laura Secord or Madeleine de Verchères sends me or switches me on. That doughty Laura with the hard centre! I have a friend in Ottawa who is a direct descendant of Madeleine de Verchères and he says that, according to all records, she was a really untamed shrew. I don't think he would be very gentle-natured if he had been up shooting Indians all night. But our past is exciting, at least in retrospect in a well-heated hall. To be forward and with it, we don't really need, like the girl from the West, to fight our history. We might indeed make as our Centennial motto, "Who's afraid of Wolfe and Montcalm?"

Because, in spite of the gloom and despondency being spread by elderly Canadians we have been an undoubted success. Many of our elders must have been terribly disconcerted by the news in this morning's paper that our trade balance had improved again and that Expo was a great success with the Europeans. We are not a great power but we are a well-respected medium-sized one and that's a comfortable thing to be. We can thank our lucky stars that a lot of rock and frost have kept us from being a great power, because it is a terrible burden to be a great power in this nuclear age.

You will notice that far too many of your elders are agonizing about the nature of the Canadian identity when what they ought to be doing is relaxing and enjoying what we are. "Have we a soul now that we have a flag?" they ask, and their sour looks suggest they don't think so. To which I would reply, if I weren't an ex-English master, "Oh nuts!" The U.S. Chamber of Commerce, of all people, set out several years ago to answer this \$67.00 question, "What is a Canadian?" in a pamphlet for their own members. It began:

"It has been said that Canadians are just like people, which seems a reasonable assumption. There are those also who say that Canadians are just Englishmen who don't care how cold it gets, and others who say Canadians really are just Frenchmen who know what side of the Atlantic their bread is buttered on." It goes on, "Canadians are also Americans, but Canadians are not prone to over-stress that technicality".

I recall also an English book explaining the world to the natives of that island which said of us. "It is important to realize that Canadians do not talk like Americans, although you can't tell this from listening to them."

So there we are, mysterious, undefinable, exotic, like one of those new men's toilet lotions — and just about as expensive now that the old age pension has gone up. But surely that is better than being the guy that everyone recognizes in the cartoons. With all that latent power is it any wonder that great Canadian teams like the Chicago Black Hawks do so much better than American teams like

the Toronto Argonauts?

Now what are some of the things that make being a Canadian so particularly attractive in this seventh decade of the twentieth century — in addition to all that splendid history?

First of all is the exaltation in the physical splendour and enormity of our land which most of us feel though we wouldn't be caught dead saying so. (Call the ambulance, as I am about to be caught dead.) There are, of course, some unhappy creatures who will trade our acres, rich with the excitement of the changing seasons, for permanent sunburn and premature old age on a stretch of Florida sand. We can do very well without *them*. It is the very northerliness of our country which gives it its strong quality — like the squeak of the snow. Our poets and our painters have been obsessed from earliest times with this rugged grandeur — the painters at least until they started painting old hamburgers. I know that the phrase “the true North strong and free” is a bit corny, but it does catch the essence of what it is that keeps this country full of Canadians and fills the Canadian abroad with permanent homesickness. (When I was in the Canadian Embassy in Moscow in the chill days of Stalin, the Embassy staff used to huddle together evenings watching a coloured film of the changing seasons in the Gatineau Valley. We all used to have a lovely cry in the dark. Sometimes we showed it to the Russian servants and I am happy to say that they used to cry too. You know, the closest thing to this Canadian passion for a melancholy landscape is the feeling the Russians have for theirs, a feeling that is very strong in their literature and music — even when they haven't got Julie Christie along with the snow.

One of the things you young people can do is to stop your parents from moaning about our climate. The best way is to pack them all off abroad to all those places that look golden in the travel posters and turn out to be grisly in fact. I was caught in a snowstorm on November 3rd last year — not in Moosonee but in Gay Paree. It was filthy, but there is nothing quite so splendid as a Canadian winter, if you just get off Bloor Street, and I am tired of Canadians who talk as if it were fit only for Nancy Greene and Alfie Philips.

Patriotism and nationalism are out of fashion. Some people say they are the sole cause of war. That is nonsense. When I was a diplomat I used to hear people saying it was diplomats who caused war, but I reject that simple theory as well. It is unhealthy and frustrated nationalism that causes wars, and we are more likely to cause a war if we don't get rid of those Canadians who deplore everything about the place. No healthy state can function well without the kind of national feeling which persuades its citizens to be good citizens and to love and respect and *responsibly* criticize their country. And one of the purest elements in nationalism is the simple love of one's soil — and we have more of it per square head of population than anybody else. This love of the soil for us has rarely been better expressed than by a Canadian, Bruce Hutchison, who wrote during the last War of this “The Unknown Country”. This may sound corny, but that is no reason for my not quoting a bit of it: (Anyone who wants to cry can use the paper table napkins.)

“Wondrous and sweet is our name. Canada! The very word is like a boy’s shout in the springtime, is like the clamour of geese going north and the roar of melting rivers and the murmur of early winds. Can we not hear the sound of Canada? Can we not hear it in the rustle of yellow poplar leaves in October, and in the sudden trout-splash of a silent lake, the whisper of saws in the deep woods, the church bells along the river, the whistle of trains in the narrow passes of the mountains, the gurgle of irrigation ditches in the hot nights, the rustle of ripe grain under the wind, and the bite of steel runners in the snow?

Have we not felt the texture of Canada? Have we not felt it in the damp, spring forest floor, in the caress of the new grass upon our face, in the salt spray off Fundy or Juan de Fuca, in the hot sun of the prairie, in the beat of blizzards and fierce surge of summer growth?

And the colours of Canada... We have seen them in the harsh sweep of prairie snow, in sunlight and shadow vibrant across the heavy-headed wheat, in foaming apple orchards and in maple woods, crimson as blood, and in bleeding sumac by the roadside, and in white sails out of Lunenburg and in the wrinkled face of mountains.”

I would be inclined in 1967 to throw in the perpetual whine of the riveters in our great cities and the sun on the wings of a jetliner at forty below. We are no longer mainly country folk, though we may all be at heart.

When I was looking up noble old poets of a hundred years ago I found some that had more enthusiasm than art. There was a bard from Cape Breton who was so overcome with Queen Victoria’s Jubilee that he addressed her thus in verse:

Hail our great Queen in full regalia,

One foot in Canada, the other in Australia.

There was another who celebrated the entry of all those rough Fort Garry settlers into Confederation in 1870 with a poem that began:

“Now everybody drunk or sober,

Sing loud the praise of Manitoba.”

My favourite poet of a hundred years ago was a Scotch-Canadian called Alex Glendinning who wrote inspirational things like those called “Dam Yankees, 1830” and “The Battle of Yonge Street, 1837”. As survivors of Yonge Street traffic I am sure you would enjoy the references to “loyal Scarborough’s men of fight” and the last two lines:

“And mothers mourn and widows weep

The flower of Markham’s chivalry.”

He also tried to scare off the Fenians with a poem that wound up:

“Down with the ruffians and pound them like snakes:

What business have they on this side of the Lakes?”

Please don’t repeat that last line in the year of Expo.

Their hearts were in the right place even if they didn’t scan very well. But if there was good reason to shake a fist at the Yankees in those days there is less now. We like to take pride jointly for our unfortified frontier and the 150 years

of peace on our border, but in all modesty we should recognize that the credit largely goes to our gentle giant of a neighbour. Let's face it; it's a long time since we have had to wrestle with the temptation to conquer the United States. The kind of patriotism we don't want in this country is negative patriotism directed against the Americans *or* the British *or* the French *or* even those dirty rotten Swedish hockey players. It must be a national feeling based on confidence of what we are in our own unique way. It is important to realize that we are not just a second class United States, a generation or two behind them and going in the same direction. The fact that we act and look much alike and use the same mouth wash conceals the fact that as countries we are different. It is not only that we differ in the way our governments work but we differ also in our ideas of what a country should be. Now to consider ourselves different doesn't mean that we consider the Americans or others to be inferior. The world needs different kinds of countries. Just now, it especially needs countries like Canada which can prove that it is possible to have different cultures and languages within a single state. One of the major causes of war in the world is the fact that there are thousands of different races and tribes and languages and the boundaries of existing countries don't coincide with the boundaries between them. If we tried to make a separate state out of each one of them, the world would be bogged down with all kinds of little countries who couldn't run themselves. We have to cling together in groups to make a go of it. Too few Canadians realize that we are in the majority in the world, and that it is a minority of countries which have only one language. And of all the countries with more than one we are the luckiest. We began life with the world's two richest and most valuable tongues. In some bilingual countries you would have to learn Urdu or Swahili or Flemish.

All the world should admire what the United States has done in its two centuries. It has set the great example of democracy and produced something new, the all-American man. Not realizing that we have another mission, many Canadians are beating their breasts because we haven't created the all-Canadian man with the same measurements from the Yukon to Cape Breton. Well we are trying to do something else and we always have, and our success should not be judged by our uniformity because that is not what we are after. It is a marvelous thing that you can exist freely here in one way as a Prince Edward Islander and in another way as a British Columbian or Quebecker, or if you prefer the hard life as a seal-hunter in the Magdalen Islands or a student at St. Andrew's College. This is the freest country in the world because we don't have to conform to any single idea of what a citizen ought to be. It isn't so much unity we should be after as harmony. I don't see why, for instance, French and English shouldn't have their own words to *O Canada*. It is true that for us it gets a bit exhausting being on guard for three four times, as if we didn't have any forwards on the team. And the French words are a little hard for an Orangeman to swallow, but I don't know many Orangemen who want to sing in French. The words of a national anthem are really a kind of beloved ritual regardless of their meaning. When you start trying to have them make sense you're in trouble. If you look at the silly words of *The Star Spangled Banner*, you will realize that it's a good tune that's the thing. It is better that French and English Canadians be united



The Headmaster.



The Chairman of the Board.



Pickering People:
Joseph McCulley, John W. Holmes, Samuel Rogers, Arthur G. Dorland, and Harry M. Beer.

in harmony by a good tune. Anyway we all end up singing in unison, "Dum dum dee dum".

Let us look at the future of our constitution as a cooperative effort. In English Canada we must particularly guard against the assumption that any change is appeasement of the French. We are not in a contest with Quebec for control of the country, although we have interests which we have a right to maintain. It is false to believe that if one region or group is satisfied, the other necessarily loses. We must stop looking upon our two languages as a burden and think of them as an opportunity. Here I detect a notable difference between the views of young people and old, and you have to reform your parents — many of whom are compensating for their failure to learn French at school. You people have a wider vision of this country and the world. You also have audio-visual methods and tape recorders and Petula Clark and Monique Leyrac to teach you. Your parents only had Maurice Chevalier.

It isn't so much *real* problems in this fabulous, rich country as fear and suspicion that cast shadows on our future. It bothers me that so many well-intentioned people concentrate all their attention on the hostilities between French and English Canadians. These do exist and we mustn't ignore them. But it is high time we spoke more of the deep bonds of unspoken affection which unite us. I lived long enough on the banks of the Ottawa to feel this in very personal terms. It is the message which I think we in Ontario need to bring to the rest of the country. We are of *Old* Canada, the people who have lived beside our French brothers for two hundred years. We have argued with them, got mad at them, and attended each other's funerals and weddings. We would feel as lonely and bereft without each other as would the Maple Leafs and the Canadiens if hockey were abolished. The long association has taught us *both* tolerance, and in spite of the shouts of angry men, it is tolerance which is the most blessed virtue of Canadian government and the Canadian way of life. That is why we are the freest people in the world.

We have had during the past week a deeply moving example of the way in which we can be united in affection for one man — or a man *and* a woman. We have had also a reminder of the splendour of our traditions in the solemn and strangely joyous funeral of our Governor General. It was a *very* Canadian occasion, but in the ceremonial we were aware of what we have derived from our countries of origin — no less Canadian because our ancestors brought it across an ocean.

Of all General Vanier's words the one which will stay longest in the memory of many of us will be those which he made when he summoned up the final reserves of his strength in a plea to Canadians last New Year's Day. He said, "The way to unity is the way of love." It is a lesson twenty centuries old, but it has a special meaning for this country in its hundredth year of union. It has also a special meaning for those of us who have known the comradeship of this College and who through it have felt the quality of the Quaker tradition. Our Centennial project should be to make this great community of Canadians truly a Society of Friends. ■





Graduating Class



ROBERT RUSSEL

Bob, who was noted for his academic achievements, earned both the Garratt Cane and the Widdrington Award this year. His activities ranged from football, hockey and track to the Rooters' Club. He was also a member of the Student Committee. Next year Bob expects to study medicine at McGill University.

KIM STRAUSS

Kim made important contributions to Pickering's dramatics, basketball, rugger and football teams, and the Polikon Club. He plans to attend university in El Paso, Texas next year. He is interested in the second hand car business.



JUAN HANDAL

Juan is widely known for his autoharp and guitar playing, but he also was active in the Dramatic Club, and was manager of the Senior Soccer and Hockey teams. From Panama, Juan has become a vital part of Pickering during his four years as a student here.



LARRY PETERSON

The "Senator" was often seen encouraging young men to go north and discussing the merits of Sir John A. MacDonald. His interests were girls, water skiing, piano and law. He was also active in team sports. He hopes to attend Laurentian next year and then continue on in law at Western. By the end of this century he expects to be the Canadian Prime Minister.

BOB REID

"Smilin" Bob Reid was the leader of the P.C. card sharks, and terrorized all who opposed him. He was manager of the first football team and took part in weight training and baseball. Bob hopes to attend Ryerson next year.



SANDY TUDOR

As well as attempting to cause an economic depression of the Newmarket Chamber of Commerce, Sandy played first football in the autumn, managed senior hockey in the winter and participated in baseball in the spring. He was one of the rare ardent socialists of the Pickering student body, and could often be seen expounding his political views during meals. Being of a creative bent, he hopes to attend the Ontario College of Art next year.

BRIAN LUXTON

Brian was well known at Pickering for his contribution to athletics. He played on the senior football team for three years and also took an active part in basketball and track-and-field. He was a long-standing member of the student committee. He will be giving up his reputation as "Keeper of the Pickering Keys" and venturing out into the business world.





BILL WILSON

Bill was famous for his room which was a veritable "happening". He spent most of his time trying to be totally involved McLuhan style. He hopes to attend the University of Texas at El Paso next year and then fade out on an eternal "trip".

BOB CRAWFORD

Bob was very active in sports and played football, hockey and baseball. He was a member of the 30 Club. His musical talents were exercised with the guitar and drums. A shrewd businessman (as illustrated by his "Honest Bob's" clothing store) he expects to study business administration at Windsor or Western University.



RON HAGAN

Ron was active in senior football, rugger and basketball and was captain of the Blue Team. He was known to be always in favour of anything that was going on. After having attended Pickering for four years, he expects to move on to Carleton University to study engineering and be close to his beloved Quebec.

JOHN LEAR

John, who was noted for his "clear articulation", was a member of South House. He was active in sports and was a co-founder of the photography club. He will be returning to Newfoundland to study at Memorial University in St. John's.





JIM BURNHAM

Jim spent three years at Pickering. He was active in sports and in dramatics. His main interest was art, especially ceramics. It is not surprising that he will be studying at the New School of Art in the coming year.



CLARK LOCKLEY

From Toronto, Clark plans to attend Ryerson next year. At Pickering he played football and baseball and was often seen looking for his lost wrist watch and lifting weights.



DAVE WILSON

Active in the Thirty Club, football and hockey. Dave was captain of the Blue Team. He plans to attend Carleton next year and study journalism. A frequent "visitor" in the thirteen corridor.

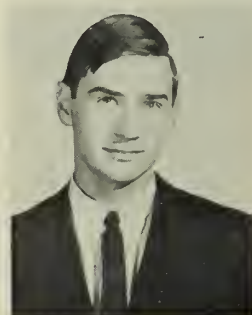


RAY McLELLAN

Ray participated in soccer and curling, as well as acting on the School Committee. Known as the "Professor" he also found time to pursue his interest in history. He plans to study law and will be attending the University of Waterloo next year.

TED TOMBS

Ted was active in hockey and football. He often collected haircut money for Chris Blackstock. He was also corridor chairman and a Student Duty Associate. He will be attending Amherst College in New England next year.

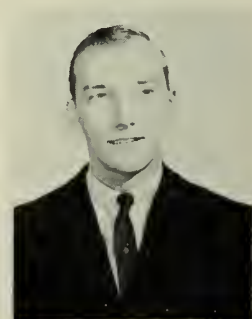


JOHN HUTCHINS

John was one of Pickerings best all-round football players in fourteen years. Usually known as "goofy" for some reason or other, his spirit will haunt Lower South for many years to come.

RORY MacDIARMID

Rory was another stirring product from Ontario's vast northland who came south to receive his education. Actually Rory took a leave of absence for a year then returned as a tutor to shepherd the lonely strays in Lower North. In this capacity, as in all his many fine contributions to life at P.C., Rory did a splendid job. He is going to St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, N.S. where he is playing football and taking an Arts course.



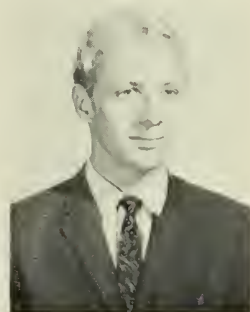


DENNIS KEENAN

Dennis was a five year man at Pickering College arriving in the fall of 1961 as a new boy in Grade XI and finishing as a tutor last year when he was in charge of the Upper South corridor. During his years at the school Dennis participated in many of our extra-curricular activities especially football, basketball, 30 Club, Glee Club and the Committee. This year he also assisted Mr. Menard with the senior football team. Dennis is planning to take a business course at Carleton University, Ottawa.

BOB GRIEVE

Bob spent a year and a half on the hilltop. Shortly after his arrival he quickly established himself as a man of wit and humour and rapidly accumulated a wide circle of friends. His talents were amply displayed during the Glee Club production this year. Bob was also a member of the Rooters' Club and was active in the athletic programme. We wish him luck in the future.



ALLEN SHULLY

Big genial Al was the embattled tutor of the Upper North this year. Al was a lively participant in many activities while he was a resident at P.C. He was constantly involved in athletics, helped to stage many of the Drama and Glee Club productions, debated in the Polikon Club, and was a valued student leader in the School Committee. This year he has enrolled in the Arts course at Carleton University where he will probably persuade the administration to put aluminum siding on all the campus buildings.

BRUCE BRIDGMAN

Bruce was the big, quiet(?) senior who terrified the little boys in Firth House for two years running, that is, when he was not sipping coffee in the Housemaster's apartment. Bruce came to P.C. from Richmond Hill and during his stay gave a valuable contribution to the community through his athletic efforts and his service on the School Committee. We wish him good fortune in the future.



Hair cut day
at
Pickering College



Before

Hair cut day
at
Pickering College



After



Tutors

'Never have so few done so much for so many'. This quotation perfectly describes the accomplishments of this year's tutors who maintained an awe-inspiring image for the students of Pickering College. These six gentlemen, MacDiarmid, whose uproarious laughter will be missed resounding through the halls of Pickering; Al 'Fitz' Shully, whose ambition is to put aluminum cornflakes on the market; Dennis 'Denny' Keenan, who has certainly lent dignity to the group with his cane; Paul Maurice, who has added a literary flavour; John 'Cookie' Cook, who is actively preoccupied with philosophical meditation and 'Happy' Harry Huriy, who will no doubt become a great Shakespearean actor. — Falstaff? express their sincere gratitude to the Headmaster and to his staff for encouragement and guidance throughout the year. The tutors of Pickering's 125th year wish their successors as fulfilling and rewarding an experience as 1966-1967 was.



Grade 12:

Bob Russel, Brion Luxton, Jim Burnham, John Leor, John Vanstane, Dovid Veale, John Evans, Robbie Gront, George Williams, Brock Vine, Dove Craak, Ron Hagon, Bruce Morgon, Dave LePage, Kim Strauss, Jock Brygidyr, Clork Lockley, Eric Ferguson, Ted Tombs, Bruce Bridgman, Bill Wilsan, Don Forquhor, Dove Wilson, Dave Thompson, Peter Griffin, Lloyd Begg, Scott Marrison, Stephen Seath, John Bradley, Rod Young, Malcolm MacNeil, Kevin Sloan, Monty Baurke, Groham Dare, Juon Hondol, Mike Manchee, John Hutchins.



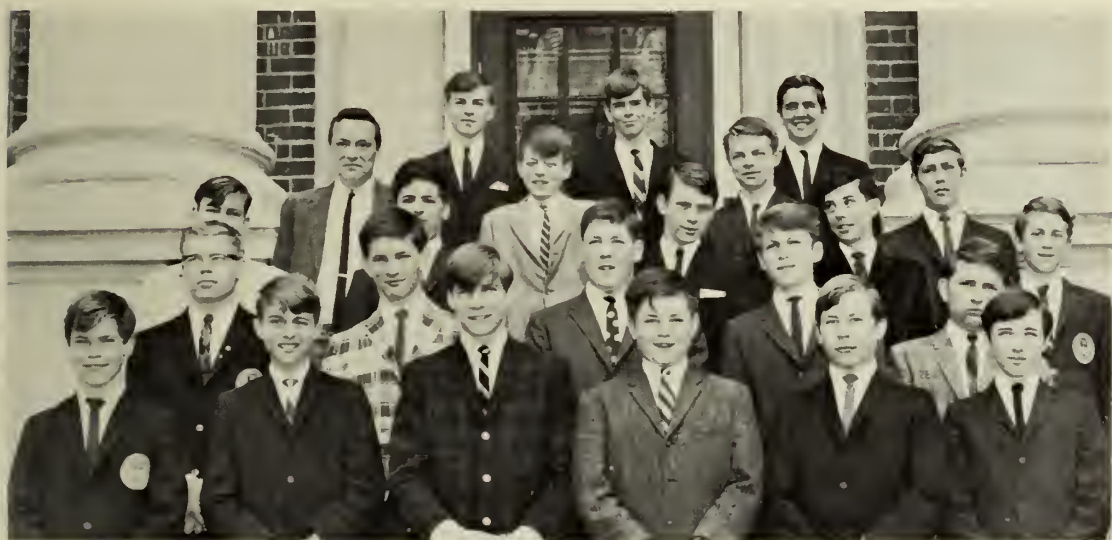
Grade 11:

Dove Gruber, John Stewart, Brion Worrall, Gord Condy, Ion Kert, Peter Allan, John Winter, Dan Davis, Rob Renouf, Jim Wright, Ron Veitch, Dave Hutchins, Chris Blockstack, Jim Brown, Rob Small, Mike MacIntosh, Jim Leslie, Paul Weisberg, Heitel Arias, Craig Smith, Greg Dopulos, Ed Rynord, Ron Hardy.



Grade 10:

Gord Schlegel, Ken Boker, Dove Young, Pete Hiscax, Ken Caulter, Pete Eakin, Pete Fenton, Jim Goble, Mike Hanley, Ron Green, Bernard Hoshmall, Pat McNally, Jahn Jensen, Chris Rogers, Bill Bigelow, Rene Watson, Brion Reynolds, Dale Baier, Dan Benedict, Bab Hogorth, Charles Burton.



Grade 9:

Gory Crowford, Pete Ampleford, Croig McIntosh Jahn Shemilt, Peter Vasoff, Brian Labbett, Lawrie Prusky, Doug Holmes, Geoff Kinnear, Nixon Apple, Philip Allon, Stewart MacDonald, Paul Cronin, John Riffel, Jerry Haos, Chuck Barton, Les Rabinovitch, Don Cohen, David Sklar, George Hindman, Guy McLoughlin, Mike Dawson, Ian McIver.

Preparatory Department

W.H. Jackman, B.A., M.Ed., Director

Kevin Tunney

John Cook

A.H. Jewell, Housemaster

Harry Huriy

Those of us in Firth House who had been here before, and we suspect those in Rogers House, too, could hardly wait to see the new dining hall — the highlight of this year. To build the new dining hall we had to lose two of the tennis courts, but it was well worth it. Instead, we have a lovely roomy dining hall with large windows and lots of light, dominated by an enormous stone fireplace. There were handsome tables and leather upholstered chairs and, a little later, new dishes bearing the school crest. This room was to see many functions throughout the year. For example, on December 15th we had Christmas dinner which lasted about two hours. After a delicious meal of fruit cocktail, turkey and plum pudding, with all the trimmings, Santa Claus arrived with his good fairy to help him hand out presents to the staff, the teachers and their children, as well as some amusing presents for the students, such as a mop head for one and a girdle for another.

The very first Friday of the term, the Prep went to Black Creek Pioneer Village. A few of the boys had seen it before, but we all enjoyed walking around what was once a pioneer farm and seeing how the early Canadian settlers used to live.

This year we have students from as far away as Mexico to the south, Cornwall and Ottawa to the east, North Bay to the north and Windsor to the west. The rest come from such nearby places as Thornhill, Buttonville, and Metropolitan Toronto.

The teachers have been very helpful. Mr. Jackman, the head of the Prep Department, and Mr. Jewell, the housemaster, have taught us to discipline ourselves and shown us how important it is to listen. Mr. Menard taught us French, Mr. Gopal — geography, Mr. Fraser, physical education, Mr. Tunney, music and spelling. The Tutors were John Cook from London and Harry Huriy from Hamilton. "Happy" and "Cookie" shared in the duties in Firth House and they both leaned over backwards to help counsel us about our problems, academic and otherwise.

To help run the department we also have a house committee composed of five students, one of whom is chairman. The first committee was chosen by the staff; then the students elected the others, one at Thanksgiving, one at Christmas, and one at Easter. The members of the committees were Doug Beattie, Wally Ducharme, Jon Foss, John Harvey, Derek Houghton, Peter Huck, Rick London, Doug McKenzie and Gary Peterson. Doug McKenzie and Wally Ducharme were the only boys who were on the Committee throughout the year, and Wally was chairman for the whole year. Each member of the committee acted as assistant to one master on his duty day, and the committee as a whole was helpful in many ways such as helping to make plans and solve problems.

This year we had two soccer teams. The A team was coached by Mr. Cook. They had seven wins and two losses, while the B team, coached by Mr. Huriy had the unenviable record of scoring only one goal all season.

The legendary day for the release of monsters is Hallowe'en, and this year Pickering College lived up to this myth by letting the Prepsters from Toronto go home for the week-end. Starting Saturday noon after classes we piled into the

buses in anticipation of the coming two days. Those who were left were not too dejected for on Sunday they went to Toronto to Yorkdale Plaza where they more than made up for not going home.

Here at Pickering we have a paper in the senior school, as well as a year book. Since 1940 we have published a small paper in the Prep department known as the Pickering Prep Press. Mr. Jackman took over the paper when he came in 1941 and has looked after it most years since then. The paper is designed to express the feelings of the Prep about sports and academics and also contains short stories as well as poems. The paper is published two or three times a year and is written by all members of the department. Similarly, this article you are reading now is made up of many paragraphs written by various members of the Prep.

After each report a list known as the Headmasters' List is posted to give recognition to those boys in the senior school and in the Prep who have done well in academics. In the Prep eight honours and no failures or a good effort mark and no failures will get you on the list. The following Prep boys were so honoured:

Fall Mid-term	Christmas	Winter Mid-term	Easter
Chris Baldry	Chris Baldry	Chris Baldry	Chris Baldry
Wally Ducharme	Peter Cook	Peter Cook	Peter Cook
Gary Lalonde	Wally Ducharme	Wally Ducharme	Roddy Lawson
Bob Murray	Roddy Lawson	Peter Massey	Doug McKenzie
Gary Phelan	Doug McKenzie	Doug McKenzie	Gary Phelan
Bill Reid	Bob Murray	Gary Phelan	Bill Reid
Tom Shipley	Gary Phelan	Bill Reid	Tom Shipley
	Bill Reid	Tom Shipley	
	Jon Savan		
	Tom Shipley		

This year we had a good hockey team. It was well-organized and we had a fine coach, Mr. Shully. We were not perfect for we won three games, tied three and lost four, and the teams we played were not always the best. We had some good games and some bad ones. Our Captain was Peter Huck. He was a good captain and without him we would not have done as well. Gary Lalonde played one game with us against Lakefield and scored six goals to make the score 6-6. He was moved up to play with a senior hockey team. Usually the first team wore white sweaters but this year the second, third and fourth teams wore white also. We had a good season and everyone had fun. At the end of the season Mr. Shully, our coach, organized a party for us in his apartment.

We have some free time almost every day. That might mean time to go down to the farm on a sunny day or to sit and meditate, or it might mean time to play tennis. During free time we may think and plan, or maybe study that difficult subject. Saturday afternoon we can go downtown to spend our allowance. Free time might also include our long week-ends when we go home at noon on Friday and return Tuesday morning. It might mean three weeks' holiday at Christmas, two weeks at Easter, or the three month holiday we are looking forward to now, which I am sure everybody deserves.

In between seasons the school is divided into four intramural teams. The four teams compete throughout the year, ending up on Sports Day. The Prep played push ball, volley ball and floor hockey. On Sports Day, Scott Hammond broke two records, the high jump and the softball throw. John Harvey broke the record

for the 60 yard dash and tied the 40 yard record. Jim Lush broke the record for the running broad jump. The Red team won the day and the year. The week before Sports Day, when Pickering played host to 46 schools for the Quaker Relays, three Prepsters were on the Pickering team in the C. R. Blackstock Race and would have won it except for an unfortunate error which disqualified them.

The Prep had a number of parties. The first was at the Headmaster's house. We had Christmas cake, cookies, and fruit punch. After we had eaten him out of house and home he read us a story about a man on the moon for earth's purposes. The second party was at Mr. Jackman's house. We had Christmas cake again, cooking again, and instead of fruit punch we had lime punch. After we had finished all the food we talked about the movie we had just seen and listened to Dicken's Christmas Carol and some other records. Our third party was at Mr. Jewell's. We had more Christmas cake and cookies and one of Mr. Jewell's favourite dishes, sugared grapes. We also listened to the Dean Martin Christmas album that the Prep gave our host for Christmas. The fourth and last party was at the school again for Mr. Jewell's 'closing of school' or 'getting-rid of the Prep for another year' party. We had chips, milk and hot dogs done on the grill. This was quite a year for parties as you can see, and we enjoyed them all.

At the Spring Festival grades seven, eight, nine and ten each put on a play. Grade seven's play was 'Library Open Hours'. Scott Hammond, Jim Lush, Len Connelly, D'Arcy Phelan, Will Comor and Steve McCartney took part. Tom Shipley and Scott McTavish were prompters. Grade eight play was entitled 'Brothers In Arms'. Doug McKenzie, Ralph Olive, Chris Baldry and John Simms took part. Their prompters were Bill Reid and Roger Scott.

The Prep along with the rest of the school attended the closing dinner in the new dining hall on May 30th. Athletic awards were presented, those for the Prep being in a new form this year — the letter 'P' the same as the Seniors, but the colours reversed, gray on blue, and Roman numeral IV. The tense moment for us was the awarding of the Rogers Cane to that boy who in the opinion of the Firth House Staff contributed most to community living in our Department. It was given to Wally Ducharme.



A Typical Prepster





The Meeting Committee, Greg Dopulos, Peter Allan and Brian Worrall, with the Headmaster.

Meeting For Worship

Chapel is an important part of the school week at Pickering College. Each Sunday night a speaker is invited to present his ideas to the students of Pickering. After the address, students who are interested may remain and talk to the speaker, who is usually a prominent person who puts his philosophy to practice in daily life. Often he is a member of the school faculty. The speakers during the past year were:

Ronald H. Perry, Headmaster of the Rosseau Lake School; Mr. Tom Schatzky; Mr. K.G. McLaren; Mr. Eric Veale; Mr. Murray Thomson of the Society of Friends; Mr. Gopal; Mr. Tunney; Mr. William White of the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews; Mr. Fred Haslam of the Society of Friends; Dr. J.D. Purdy; Mr. W.H. Jackman; and Mr. T.M. Moran. Three talks given by members of the School Committee are reproduced below.

The Road

I know that speaking at our Chapel Service is a privilege but nevertheless this fact doesn't make it any easier for me — for after all what can a fellow by the name of Hutchins have to offer as a message or provocative thought to a group such as you.

I finally decided that if I had any hopes of achieving this aim, two factors were a must. First, I should speak to you about something that somewhere deep down inside of me I really believe in. Secondly, as this is our Chapel Service I should seek help from what so many of us call the "Good Book", in other words The Holy Bible.

So with these factors in mind I ask you to bear with me in my inadequacies. I have chosen a passage from St. Luke, Chapter 10, Verses 25-37, which I shall read.

Now I'm sure that all of us at sometime or other have heard these words. I wonder just what they mean to you or to me. We know they were spoken by Christ to a group of his disciples who had returned from the towns and cities of those days after spreading his teachings. It was at a time when Jews and Samaritans had absolutely no use or respect for each other. It was a time, not so unsimilar from today when new teachings and ideas were frowned upon with suspicion. A time when the same emotions of hate, greed, distrust and social and racial barriers were prevalent — so you see we find ourselves in 1967 in much the same situation as that of two thousand years ago.

So here we have in these early times a lawyer asking Christ, "who is my neighbour?". Christ answers him with a parable of a certain man who travelled from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves who robbed and beat him and left him half dead at the side of the road.

He tells of how a certain priest of that day travelling the same journey comes upon him and simply passes by on the other side of the road. Here is a man of the cloth whom one would expect to find showing concern and love for his fellow man. Then we find a Levite coming on the scene — he simply looks at this half dead individual and he also passes doing nothing to help. Then we find that a Samaritan comes upon him and we are told he takes compassion on him, binds and trusses his wounds, sets him on his own beast, takes him to an inn where he cares for him, pays the innkeeper and then tells the innkeeper that he will pay for any further trouble he is put to the next time he is by.

In other words, here we finally find a man who has gone out of his way — taken his time and spent his own money to assure the well-being of another who needed help. The Samaritan has shown the true meaning of love for his fellowman.

Now for a moment let's just look at ourselves—you and me, here at Pickering College. Let's say that Pickering College is the road from Jerusalem to Jericho and we are all travelling upon it in our own separate ways. I wonder how many of us travel the road in the manner of the priest, or the Levite — or the Samaritan.

Speaking for myself I can say that I have not followed the ways of the Samaritan all the time, but that deep down inside I know that his way is the right way.

I do know that on this road at Pickering, where the ideals and principles of human relationship are the finest — a road that has no colour or creed — being a good Samaritan is not an easy task. It is always easier to walk by on the other side of the road than to show concern, unselfishness, patience, discipline, kindness and a spiritual belief and love of men among men.

I do believe that slowly but surely we learn the basic law, that we receive from life only in proportion as we as individuals are willing to contribute to life.

I think that each one of us has felt at sometime or other that inner warmth or glow of the game well played, a job well done, or a kindness well performed.

The affluent times in which we find ourselves — times of uncertainty or as Tennyson once described them in these words:

"Oh friend I know not which way I must look.

To think that now our life is only dressed

For show, mean handiwork of craftsman, cook or groom is gone.

Rapine, expense this is idolatry

These we adore"

These are our times and it is not enough to make the excuse that it is the Headmaster's generation which is responsible.

We are the designers of tomorrow and the future and I simply say to all of you in closing that we all have the choice of being the priest, Levite or the Samaritan in our relationship with our fellow men.

Let us hope that we make our choice the right one and transmit this community "not only not less but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us".

—John Hutchins

A Pickering Student is a Sportsman

He plays a game to win but he respects his opponents and always plays the game fairly and cleanly. He is willing to subordinate himself and his personal desires to achieve the success of the team. He is loyal to his coach and cheerfully follows instructions laid down for team guidance.

The word sportsman itself probably drew my attention to this specific topic. When you first begin to think of sportsmanship you are reminded of a rugged football or hockey game. In the next few minutes I hope that I can show you that a sportsman is not necessarily involved in sport. The idea of sportsmanship can be applied to your life socially as well as academically. In each of these areas there must be a goal, a desire to win or succeed and the willpower to keep on fighting when you are down. This, I feel, is true sportsmanship.

Sportsmanship is easy to connect with different athletics. It is the working together of individuals as a team to defeat your opponents. Playing on this team means that you are willing to give up your own wishes for the success of the team. To do this, players have to cooperate with their coaches and be tolerant of their opponents. This brings to mind an incident that happened in our hockey game with St. Andrew's College. One of our players was struck illegally. This humiliated him and he struck back. This boy was not tolerant and showed an unsportsmanlike attitude. His personal desire was to get even and by doing this he could have sacrificed the success of the team. It would have taken great courage to turn around and skate away.

Most of us feel that this is as far as sportsmanship goes. But what about our studies? Could we apply sportsmanship to this aspect of our school life? Academically you play to win also and how successful you are is not recorded in touchdowns but in the knowledge you gain. You must sacrifice some of your own desires or recreations if you are going to win your game of learning. You will face discouragement which will lead to defeat unless you have the willpower and courage to win.

Looking at our life here at Pickering with regard to our fellow students and masters, how can we be sportsmanlike? I think friendship is the best way of showing a sportsmanlike attitude. Your respect for others and an understanding of their ideas is an indication of how fair you are in the game of friendship. A person in the community who is a bully or a nuisance is not playing by the rules and destroys the spirit of that community. A man who is courteous and understanding is a true sportsman in society.

Let us look at this community of ours as a team. We are here to win, whether it be in our games, our studies or in our common life together. We must be willing to sacrifice our own wishes for the success of the team. We are loyal to our team and abide by the rules of the game we are playing.

These are respect, friendship, tolerance and understanding. It takes a courageous person to play by these rules and a courageous person is a sportsman. Are you a sportsman?

—Jim Leslie

A Pickering Student is Cooperative

I would like to express my gratitude to our Headmaster for being chosen to speak to you this evening — it is a great honour.

The concept of cooperation is the central theme on which I will elaborate. Cooperation by the student body can be sub-divided into the acceptance of the school rules and, secondly, the application of self-discipline.

When I first came to Pickering College in 1960 I was confronted with a new way of life, as most of you were this year. I am sure that one of the first things that we noticed was the rules with which we had to regulate our lives. It took me quite a while before I was able to understand what Pickering stands for. I tried to accept the rules, many of which I did not really understand nor realize their significance in relation to myself.

I feel that if a student is able to attend Pickering College he has an excellent opportunity to develop his character toward what it will have to be when he is an adult. By living at Pickering we can make a great year whereby we all benefit, or on the other hand we can ruin it. A lot of weight rests on whether or not we are able to abide by the rules set down to guide us. Rules are only guide lines, they are upheld throughout the year by the masters, so that we can come closer to the goals that we set for ourselves in September. Everyone has a tendency to waver and to weaken on the trek, but with a strong soul and guidance we will all come closer to those aims. If the masters and the students could unite forces and pull for our high hopes, the journey would be easier, faster and a lot more enjoyable — one way of doing this is by accepting our rules, realizing that they are for our benefit and practicing them with an honest and determined effort. We can never relax the pressure on them, because our system will fall and we will have wasted our efforts in these last four months.

Here at Pickering we attempt to better our athletic abilities, our academic capabilities and our characters. Cooperation shows mature thought in a youth, this is a milestone that we shall try to reach this year of '66-'67. If we do not cooperate with our immediate society we will fail in life, for the body and soul are sensitive in that they require complete harmony if we wish to be successful and benefiting to those around us. Through cooperation between the staff and students we will be able to transmit this community to the students of the future better than when it was given to us.

Secondly, I would like to discuss the application of self-discipline which comes with the successful completion of being able to cooperate with those about us. It is a hard term to define and to apply to a specific point in one's life. A person that is able to discipline himself has left rules behind and has progressed to the stage at which he employs his own judgment. If we use good judgment along with our understanding of the rules, we will have reached a more than satisfactory degree of cooperation. It is our job to reach this point as laid down by our school code. If each and everyone of us has accepted the rules, not necessarily understanding them at first, he will be doing his part in making our community happier and a more efficient place in which to live. Lack of spirit and determination will make us fall short of our goals, but we must not let this happen. We must push forward to be better and more improved persons.

In concluding, I would like to read to you a small passage written by a past President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson.

"A strong character comes as a consequence of a life devoted to the nearest duty, and the place in which character would be cultivated, if it be a place of study, is a place where study is the object and character the result."

We at Pickering must discipline ourselves and we will attain strong healthy characters in a cooperative manner.

—Ray McLellan



Senior Football:

Back Row: Bob Reid, monoger, Mr. Don Menord, cooch, John Vonstone, Don Forquhor, Rob Smoll, Sondy Tudor, Dovid Veole, Jim Burnhom, Brion Luxton, Bob Grieve, Poul Weisberg, John Jensenet, Bob Crawford, Dennis Keenon, ossistent cooch, Mr. Horry Beer.

Front Row: Bob Russel, Bruce Morgon, Lorry Peterson, Dove Crook, John Hutchins, Jim Leslie, Kevin Sloan, Clark Lockley, Bruce Bridgman, Dove Wilson.

Football 1966-67

This year was a very hard year for the senior football team. We had very little of last year's squad to build on and very few new boys who had had previous experience with the game. It was said at the beginning that the team would not stand a chance of retaining the championship which it had held for thirteen years. It was even said we might not even win a game.

With all these critical remarks thrown at us it looked as if the team was in for quite a season, but we swore we'd make them eat their words, and we did. Admittedly we lost a few games, but it was the last game that we were saving up for, and we came through in the end to win the championship for the 14th time. It was a great team effort which is a must in the game of football. The spirit was high and we all had a common desire and we came through in our last game as if every man on the team was a 6 year veteran of the game. Mr. Menard should be given a lot of credit for the victory. He primed and tuned us for what was ahead and when the time came we were ready. Not the split up mingly-mangly team we were in the first, but a strong compact unit working as one. Congratulations to everyone!

—John Hutchins



Second Football Team:

Back Row: Rory MacDiarmid, assistant coach, Graham Dore, manager, Peter Allon, Ed Rynord, George Williams, Craig Smith, Peter Kelsick, Jim Brown, Ron Veitch, Rick Wright, Malcolm MacNeil, Rod Young, manager, Mr. Bob Farhan, coach.

Front Row: Kim Strauss, Ken Boker, Brent Truox, Don Edington, Scott Morrison, Bob Forhon Jr., mascot, Doug Cameron, Peter Fentan, Alex Iransides, Dove Young, Jack Brygidyr.



Third Football Team:

Mr. Dave Jefferson, coach, Paul Cranin, Ron Green, Mike Honley, Philip Allan, Peter Vasoff, Jerry Haas, Lawrie Prusky, Ian Kert, George Hindmon.

Front Row: Al Shully, assistant coach, Craig McIntash, Dan Davis, Rich Frohloff, Brian Lobbett, Bob Hogarth, Ted Tambs, Pete Ampleford, Nixon Apple, Les Robinavitch, Gary Crawford.



Senior Soccer Team:

Back Row: Mr. Ston Froser, coach, Peter Griffin, Greg Dopulos, Dove Thompson, John Evons, Dove LePoge, Eric Ferguson, Brock Vine, Jim Wright, Juon Hondol, monoger.

Front Row: Ken Coulter, Mike McIntosh, Monty Bourke, Doug Holmes, Roy McLellan, Heitel Arias, John Lear.

Senior Soccer

This year under the direction of Coach Fraser a great challenge was met in the formation of the soccer team. It was evident throughout the season that inexperience was surpassed by fine team spirit. Many of us were novices to the sport, but found no great difficulty in mastering the technique demonstrated by our coach. Heitel Arias, one of our outstanding players hails from Venezuela and gave much to the team's success. Monty Bourke, Ray McLellan, Eric Ferguson, Jim Wright and Gord Candy were also experienced players forming the veteran section of the team.

We participated in two final championship games this year. In the All-Ontario Soccer Championship we competed with fifteen teams from various cities in Ontario. Unfortunately we lost the consolation championship by one game.

In our playoff game with Bradford, in the G.B.S.S.A. championship we finished the season losing five goals to four, but as the final whistle sounded, we felt confident that we have worn the blue and silver in the Pickering tradition.

We hope next year's team will further the reputation set by Sgt. Rock and his super-soccer stars.

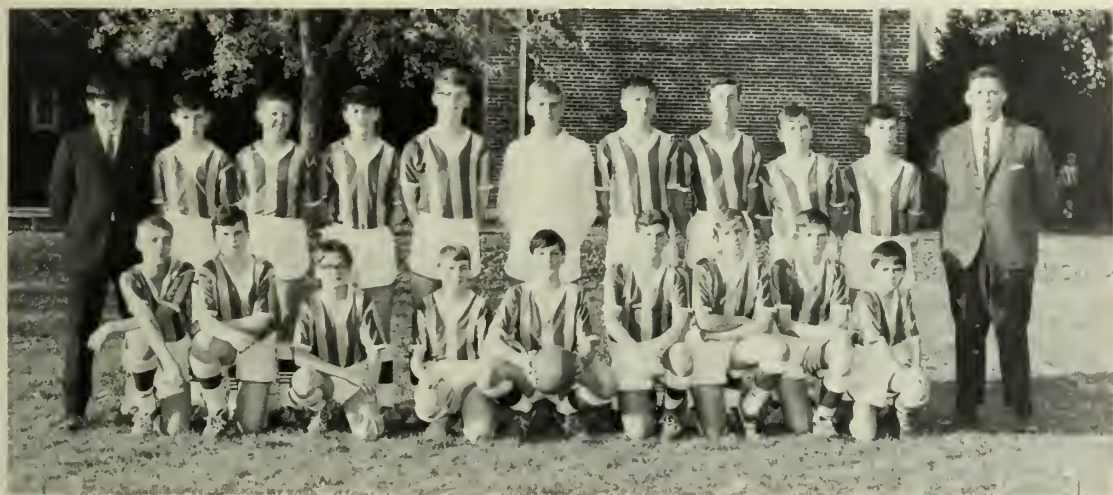
—Monty Bourke



Second Soccer Team:

Back Row: Bernord Hoshmoll, monoger, Jim Reid, Don Mothews, Lloyd Begg, Jim Goble, Brion Worroll, Don Benedict, Mr. Tony Advokoot, cooch.

Front Row: John Dickie, Gord Schlegel, Dove Gruber, Mike Monchee, Charlie Burton, Pot McNolly, Rene Watson.



Prep Soccer Team:

Peter Massey, manager, Rolph Olive, Roger Scott, Bob Murroy, Tom Shipley, Jim Lush, Joy Priestmon, John Foss, Doryl Gurvey, Alec Spadoforo, Mr. Horry Huriy, coach.

Front Row: Karl Godden, Will Comor, David Pottruff, Grant McIntosh, Chris Boldry, Bob Spadoforo, Scott Hammond, Scott McTovish, Dorcy Phelon.



Senior Basketball Team:

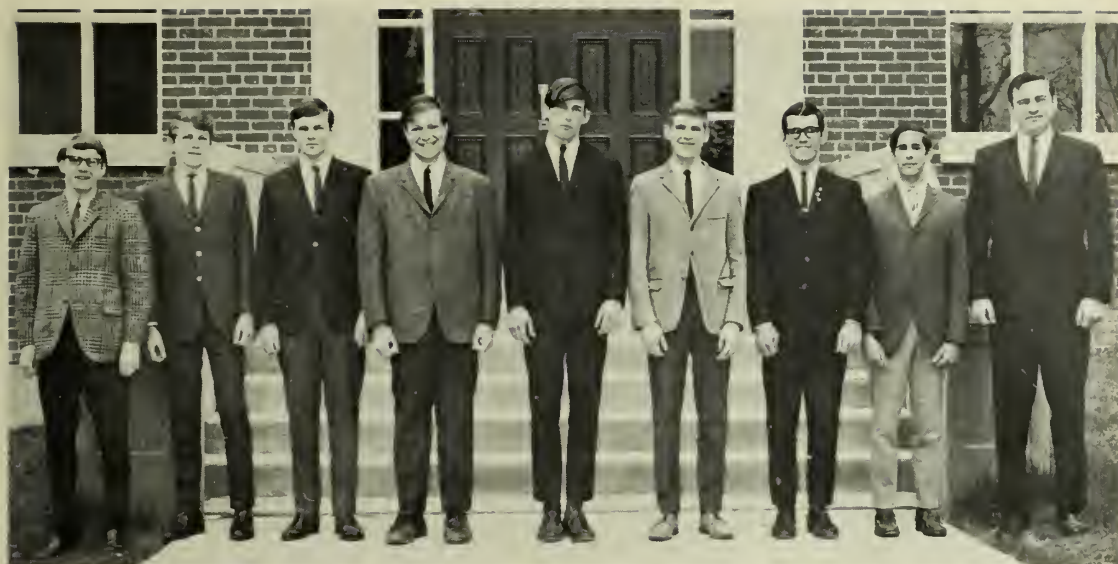
Mr. Stan Fraser, coach, Scott Morrison, Eric Ferguson, Kim Strouss, Rob Small, Dove Thompson, John Hutchins, Brian Luxton, Peter Allon, Rod Young, Ron Veitch, John Lear, Ken Coulter, Mr. Harry Beer.

Basketball

Though lacking in victories this year Pickering possessed a great spirit and perseverance. Our final game against St. Andrews, in which we upset them by one point, was the highlight of the season. Ridley, U.C.C., and Trinity proved to be too much for us although the Ridley game was a close one. The Old Boy game proved to be a tense match, but a few calls on the part of the referee, Mr. Menard, tilted the scales toward the old boys.

The first string was made up of Peter Allan, Rob Small, Ron Veitch (Captain), Ken Coulter, and John Hutchins. We also had a lot of bench strength in Kim Strauss, Eric Ferguson, John Lear, Dave Thompson, Brian Luxton, and Ron Hagan. Regretfully Scott Morrison, our other captain, was sick for most of the season and missed most of the action. Our coach, Mr. Fraser deserves a great deal of thanks for all the work he did on our behalf.

—Ron Veitch



Second Basketball Team:

Dave Gruber, Chuck Barton, Jim Goble, Paul Weisberg, Jim Brown, John Stewart, Jock Brygidyr, Don Benedict, Mr. Dave Jefferson, coach.



Third Basketball Team:

Mr. Rory McDiormid, coach, Mike Dowson, Dan Cohen, Peter Vosoff, Les Robinovitch, John Riffel, Lowrie Prusky, Charlie Burton, Mr. John Cook, coach.



Rugger Teams:

Back Row: Mr. Dan Menard, cooch, Bob Russel, John Jensen, Kim Strauss, Dave Hutchins, David Veale, John Hutchins, Jim Brawn, Manty Bourke, Heitel Arias, Kevin Sloan, Dennis Keenan, assistant coach, Mr. Harry Beer.

Front Row: Rob Renouf, John Stewart, Dove Young, Pat McNolly, Peter Hiscox, Gord Schlegel, Peter Kelsick, Bob Hogarth.

Rugger

This year Coach Menard decided to expand his rugger fanatics into two teams after last year being such a successful first year. Mr. Menard was assisted during our practices, games and many jaunts out to Yonge Street and the Red Barn by the able Mr. Keenan.

Rugger is a difficult sport but a challenging one. Just keep out of the way of 'Goofy' our best player.

Some of the best players on the senior team were John Hutchins, Heitel Arias, Dave Veale and Jim Brown.

The better players on the intermediate team were Pete Hiscox, Dave Young, Gord Schlegel and Bob Renouf.



Senior Hockey Team:

Back Row: Mr. Bob Forhan, coach, Sandy Tudor, manager, Don Forquhor, Jahn Vanstone, Rabbie Gront, Ted Tombs, Dove Veole, Dove Hutchins, Bab Crawford, Chris Blackstock, Gary Lalonde, Jim Wright, Juan Hondal, manager, Mr. Harry Beer.

Front Row: Dave Wilson, Bruce Margon, Dave Crook, Jim Leslie, Bruce Bridgman, Kevin Sloan.

Senior Hockey

The return of many of last year's players, combined with this year's crop of rookies, supplied the Blue and Silver with a proficient and well-balanced senior hockey team this year. (We almost beat the Old Boys!)

In previous years Pickering's first hockey team had concerned itself mainly with competition among other private schools. However, this year the Newmarket area coaches were able to establish a district league, which provided more games and closer competition for their players.

Through the excellent guidance of Coach Bobby Forhan we were able to win all but one of our league games, and also the championship, bringing added glory to Pickering. However, due to the extraemphasis on league games, we were only able to gain one tie, against Appleby, in our private school competition.

All of the coaches, players, managers and students showed an abundance of enthusiasm, effort and, sportsmanship wherever we journeyed. Hockey at Pickering was a great success this year.

Many thanks to coach Bobby Forhan for his valuable time spent teaching the players the basics and finer techniques of the game.

—Kevin Sloan



Baseball Team:

Back Row: David Thampson, Brack Vine, Bruce Margan, Jahn Lear, Clark Lackley, Bill Wilson, Dan Davis, Jim Leslie.

Third Row: Bob Crawford, Dave Wilson, Rabbie Grant, Sandy Tudar, Scatt Morrison, Bruce Bridgman.

Second Row: Rod Young, Ted Tambs, Ran Veitch, Jahn Winter, Ran Green, Chris Blackstock, George Williams.

Frant Row: Dave LePage, Bob Grieve, Ran Hardy, Larry Petersan, Rick Wright, Paul Weisberg.

Baseball

This year's baseball season was opened by Mr. Beer in a game which saw the teachers defeat the students by a slight margin.

The teams, with Captains Bruce Morgan, Dave Wilson and Dave LePage, played an exhausting schedule of four games each.

The final outcome showed Morgan's team in first place with eight points, Wilson's in second with 4 points, and LePage's last with zero.

A special thanks should be extended to Commissioner Mr. Advokaat for his many hours devoted to the game.

It is hoped that baseball will be continued next year, and that next year's teams will give as great an effort as this year's teams.

—David Wilson



Track and Field Team

Sports Day

		TIME OR DISTANCE
JUNIOR		
100 Yards	Ampleford, Crawford Apple Halmes	11.7
440 Yards	Bartan, Benedict, Rabinavitch, Reynolds	64.6
60 Yards	Ampleford, Crawford, Apple, Halmes	7.4
120 Yard Hurdles	Labbett, Apple, Bartan, Reynolds	19.6
440 Yards Relay	Red, Silver, Blue, Gald	54.0
Lang Jump	Ampleford, Halmes, Crawford, Cranin	16'7"
Discus	Haas, Benedict, Green Hindman	1029½ R.
Shot	Ampleford, Hanley, McIntash, Vasaff	372¼
Jr. Hurdle Relay	Blue, Red, Silver, Gold	39.5

SENIOR:

100 Yards	Arias, Caok, Luxtan, Veale	11.2
220 Yards	Arias, Hutchins, Luxtan, Farquhar	
440 Yards	Candy, Hutchins, Tudar, Wilsan	58.5
880 Yards	Candy, Brawn	
Mile	Brawn	
120 Yards	Hurdles – Luxtan, Burnham, LePage, Strauss	17.2
440 Yards	Relay – Blue, Silver, Red Gald	51.0
High Jump	LePage, Farquhar, Arias, Grant	4'10"
Lang Jump	Brygidyr, Croak, Veale, Hutchins	17.7½
Javelin	Hutchins, Manchee, Lackley, Farquhar	143'10½"
Shot Put	Luxtan, Veale, Strauss, Russel	38'3"

*R = Record

MIDGET:**TIME OR
DISTANCE**

50 Yards	Houghton, Peterson, Lolonde, McKenzie	6.2R
75 Yards	Houghton, Peterson, Lolonde, Huck	8.9
440 Relay	Silver, Gold, Blue, Red	55.6
High Jump	Phelon, Lolonde, Simms, Huck	4'6
Shot Put	Houghton, Lolonde, Huck, Peterson	38'7"
Hurdle Relay	Silver, Blue, Gold, Red	40.6

BANTAM:

40 Yards	Horvey, Godden, McTavish, Shipley	5.2
60 Yards	Harvey, Shipley, Lush, Hommond	7.5R
High Jump	Hammond	4'10" R
Softball	Lush, Hommond, Horvey, McTavish	216'R
Long Jump	Lush, Shipley, Godden, Hommond	15'10"
Hurdle Relay	Silver, Red, Gold, Blue	26.4
440 Relay	Silver, Red, Blue, Gold	62.9

INTERMEDIATE:

100 Yards	Kelsick, Young, Smoll, Allon	10.6
220 Yards	Kelsick, Small, Tombs, Young	25.0
440 Yards	Gruber, Tombs, Stewart, McNally	62.1
120 Yards Hurdles	Kelsick, Begg, MacIntosh, Stewart	16.0
440 Yards Relay	Red, Silver, Gold	51.0
High Jump	Brown, J. Wright, Stewart, Allan	5'2"
Long Jump	Kelsick, Smoll, Worroll, B. Wilson	16.6
Javelin	Smoll, Boker, Gumble	133'10"

*R = Record

INTRAMURAL FINAL SCORES – Red-1222, Blue-1175, Silver-1202, Gold-1158



Conditioning Team:

Mr. Dan Menard, director, Bill Wilsan, Mike MacIntosh, Rene Watson, George Williams, Larry Peterson, Brian Worrall, Lloyd Begg, Heitel Arias, Craig Smith, Clark Lackley, Peter Griffin, Graham Dare, Dennis Keenan, assistant.

Conditioning

The weight training team was led by Mr. Menard and Dennis Keenan. Our programme was composed of exercising and actual practice in lifting weights. Most boys find weight lifting a great challenge. It combines determination and strength which are builders of both the body and the mind. Many of us consider it useful in building our body only, but there is certainly no doubt that the feeling of success derived builds confidence. Weight lifting is a sport of the individual and consequently aids him in whatever he does. This exemplifies in part the purpose of Pickering College.

We thank Mr. Menard and Dennis Keenan for their able supervision.

—Clark Lockley

Curling Club

Much of the success of the Curling Club's 1966-67 season was due to the enthusiasm and vitality of its sponsors, Mr. Jewell and Mr. Bode. The ice will long echo the jubilant shouts of the latter especially.

Among the more recent additions to the Pickering sports scene, Curling already has gained keen following here.

We look forward to many more enjoyable seasons on the ice.

—John Bradley



Polikon Club:

Back Row: Greg Dapulas, Jack Brygidyr, Dale Bair, Mike MacIntash, Bernhard Hashmall, Mike Hanley, Rob Small, Gerage Williams, Larry Petersan, Dave Thampson, Scott Morrison, Dr. J.D. Purdy.
Frant Row: Ray McLellan, Rabbie Grant, David Veale, Kim Strauss, Malcolm MacNeil, Bill Wilson.

Polikon Club

The debating club of the school, known as the Polikon Club, made good use of the year. I express my thanks to the members for helping to make this year as successful as ever.

Some of the new members were: H. M. State of Confusion, H. M. Northern Lights, and H. M. Dogpatch West. The debates ranged from: "Is God Dead" to "Student deferment in U.S., Rhodesia, Vietnam, and Canadian Identity".

The Banquet was the highlight of the year. Judge MacRae of Toronto and members had a very interesting discussion on Canadian Courts and law system.

It was a very good year, thanks to the club's sponsor, Dr. J.D. Purdy.

—M. MacNeil



Chess Club:

Mr. Paul Maurice, Geoff Kinnear, Bill Bigelow, Nixon Apple, Chuck Barton.

Chess Club

This year's Chess Club saw Bill Bigelow its decided champion.

Outstanding games were played on many memorable Thursday evenings in Room 'D'. Everyone learned from these games — both beginners and old hands.

We hope that in the future even more students will become interested in this growing club, and perhaps they will find the snacks at the end of each meeting an added lure.

Our club would like to give special thanks to our sponsor Mr. Maurice, who offered guidance and much of his time during the year.

—Chuck Barton



Circle Club:

Back Row: Mr. Bob Forhan, John Shemilt, Bernard Hashmall, Ken Baker, Jim Gamble, Pot McNally, Dave Yong.

Front Row: Guy McLaughlin, Gard Schlegel, Gary Crawford, Ken Coulter, Brian Reynolds.

The Circle Club

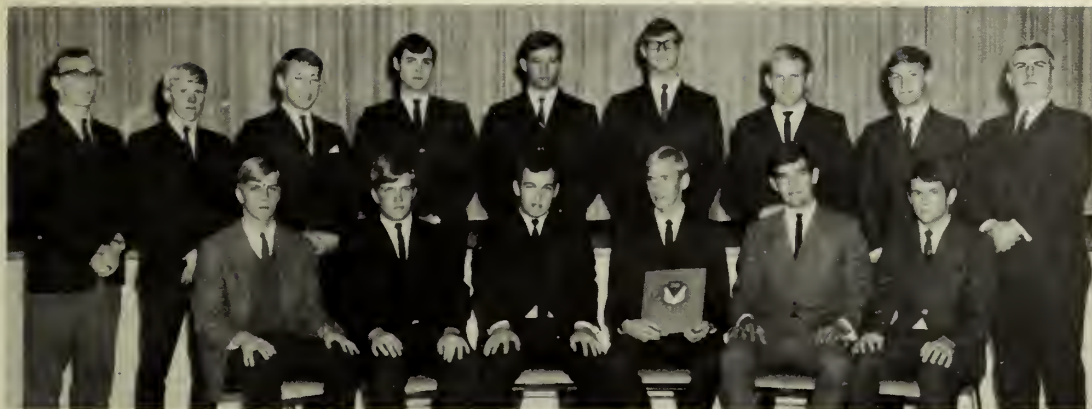
The Circle Club got off to a good start this year in early fall with the Club's opening meeting being opened by Mr. Beer. We had eleven members this year with Mr. Forhan as our staff adviser.

Our guest speakers were Mr. Gopal telling of his journey from India to Canada. Mr. Reynolds who talked to us on the set up and function of the Provincial Government, and Dr. Crawford, head of the department of Sick Children's Hospital talked on functions and diseases of the eye.

We also discussed several current event topics and had some interesting films.

Our final banquet was held May 12th with our guest speaker being Mr. Taylor, a teacher of Pickering College, last year.

—John Shemilt



30 Club:

Back Row: Mr. Rory MacDiarmid, Dove Crook, Mr. John Cook, Mr. Dennis Keenon, Monty Bourke, Brion Luxton, Bob Crowford, Dove Wilson, Mr. Al Jewell.

Front Row: Ron Veitch, Bruce Morgon, Kevin Sloon, Sondy Tudor, Ron Hagon, Jim Leslie.

Thirty Club

This year the Thirty Club enjoyed many rewarding evenings of discussion and stimulating talks by guest speakers.

Dr. H.M. Jackson spoke on sex education, and Reverend Speers, Rector of the Aurora Anglican church, spoke on the possibility of union with the United Church of Canada. Another highlight of the year was our Club trip to Toronto to see the film *The Endless Summer* followed by a late snack at the Copper Kettle.

Mr. Jewell deserves our sincerest thanks for his assistance, time and hospitality in helping to make this year of the Thirty Club a real success.

—Sandy Tudor

The Rooters' Club

The Rooters' Club had an extremely successful year. We heard several talks from Mr. McLaren, ranging from computers to home movies. Bob Russel talked to us about his computer course he took last summer. Pete Griffin showed us the operation of scuba equipment, Juan Handal gave us the finer points on turbine engines, Jim Burnham related how he made the slides for the L.L.C. dance and Harry Huriy gave us a very interesting talk on the operation of the Laser. Throughout the year we saw many movies. The construction of an oil pipeline through the Rockies to Vancouver, sound from alchemy to chemistry, sub-sonic and trans-sonic flight, essential rays and communications were the main ones we saw. The year was ended by a steak dinner and Mr. Patterson, general manager of consumer products for Union Carbide, talked to us about that industry and showed us slides of the production lines and a movie on a new type of deep-diving submarine.

We would like to thank Mr. McLaren for all the work that he contributed to make this a successful year for the Rooters' Club.

—Steve Seath

The Dramatic Club presents R.U.R.

The Pickering College Dramatic Society production on Parents' Day 1966, was *R.U.R.*, a play by the Czechoslovakian writer Karel Capek (1890-1938), which introduced the word Robot into the English language. *R.U.R.* filled the corridors of Rogers House with exciting new posters by Mr. Leach. A difficult play to produce because of its dialogue and fantastic sets requiring elaborate chemical apparatus and a remote island, isolated from the civilized world, the cast nevertheless succeeded in providing an entertaining evening for everyone. There were, of course, actors who learned lines at the eleventh hour, but once on the stage opening night, the performance came to life and very few lines were missed out. On the whole, the effect was spectacularly convincing and many students attended both performances.

Kim Strauss, as Harry Domain, the director of the factory making Rossum's Universal Robots, played the most demanding role in the play. A veteran of other plays at Pickering, Kim was natural and forceful as Domain. He set the pace for the other actors most effectively.

Opposite Kim, as Helena Glory was Alison Allan from Newmarket. Alison looked lovely in her colourful shifts designed by Mrs. Leach, but it was her acting and calm interpretation of her part which impressed the audience. She deserved the beautiful roses presented to her at the end of the play. And Leslie Taylor, as Helena's servant Emma, lent further charm and humour with her impassioned religious fervour.

Among the factory managers who meet with real interest the arrival of Helena Glory from England were Juan Handal as Doctor Gall, David Gruber as Mr. Tabry, Jack Brygidyr as Doctor Helman, and Malcolm MacNeil as Jacob Berman. Paul Maurice played the part of the aging Alquist, a man who belongs more to an earlier time and point of view. As Alquist, Paul played a thoughtful and profound role lending pathos to the action, and his acting in the Epilogue of the play was truly inspired. As the last human being alive after the rebellion of the Robots, Alquist is the philosopher — survivor who faces the loneliness of a future oblivion stoically and with resignation.

The robots, Jim Reid, Jane Killick, Jim Burnham, Janet Kudelka, John Noer and Brian Worrall had the difficult task of being both "human" and mechanical. Jim Burnham and Janet Kudelka especially, who appeared at the close as the new Adam and Eve, and hope for the future of human survival, played instrumental roles, contributing much towards conveying the philosophical message of the play — that the spirit of man is strong and can survive even the physical destruction of human life as we now know it.

It must be said that once again the Pickering College Dramatic Club achieved a resounding triumph of entertainment, in spite of the fact that *R.U.R.* is a difficult play to produce effectively, its lines sometimes being rather discursive and its theme perhaps too subtle. Certainly the Producer and Set Designer, John Leach, deserves much credit for this success. His work was quite unusually well done, and gave a flavour of professionalism to the play. Al Shully skillfully handled the stage props and sound effects. Our sincere thanks to our Director, Mr. Hays, for a fine job, and to his Associate Director, Paul Maurice. It was a thought-provoking and stimulating entertainment which the Dramatic Club provided both parents and students in 1966.

The Glee Club presents Ice Pool

On the evenings of February 24th and 25th Pickering College presented before capacity audiences a new Canadian musical by Tummon and White — *Ice Pool*. It was produced under the stagedirection of Mr. John Leach, assisted by his wife, and under the musical direction of Mr. Kevin Tunney.

After the overture, played on the piano by Mr. Tunney and with competent drum accompaniment by Chris Baldry, the play commenced. The curtain opened to reveal a group of depressed miners who wearily sang a song expressing the dreariness of the winter. The mood was brightened by the entrance of Heather McTavish, played by Henny Iburg, who attempted to alleviate the miners' gloom with thoughts of the approaching spring. She hit upon the idea of having an ice pool (betting on the time the ice goes out) and called upon Herbie the naive and rotund cook, played with admirable joviality by Paul Weisberg, to organize the betting. Upon his appearance, Herbie went into a high-spirited song, *Ho Boys the Ice is Shaking*, and was then joined lustily by the chorus of miners with Kim Strauss as Andy doing the solo sections. The next scene found Keena McTavish, Heather's half-breed half-sister, complaining about her mixed blood condition. The song *Half and Half* was delightful, and Mary Ann Fraser as Keena sang it with near perfection. Heather consoled Keena with the song *I Know in Your Dreams*, which Henny Iburg rendered with great warmth. At this point, Mr. McTavish, a crusty old Scotsman, stormed onto the stage in a rage because the male assistance he had applied for turned out to be female. Bob Grieve acted Mr. McTavish with great comic style and portrayed well the "old fogey" quality of this character. The girl-hungry miners were elated by the news of the female arrivals and rushed off to the airport. While Heather was setting up decorations for the dance she met and was aided by Neil Sanders, a sort of social worker from the Department of Northern Affairs, who sang the *Social Worker Song*. Malcolm MacNeil played Sanders and sang the song with sparkle. A tender scene which was developing between Heather and Neil was abruptly but pleasantly interrupted by the entrance of the vivacious girls and breathless miners. The girls, consisting of teachers, stenographers, nurses and waitresses, performed a song routine of considerable charm. The miners were anxious, so the tickets were sold and the dance — a colourful and lively affair, indeed — got underway but was soon arrested by an irate Mr. McTavish who doubted its usefulness and moral integrity. The entrance of Denise LaChance, the beautiful-but-wicked city woman played voluptuously by Alison Allan, held the miners (and a few male members of the audience, no doubt) spell-bound singing *Say, Boys* — "I'll give you clean sin, Bring on the cash and let's go". When Denise left, followed by the miners, Mr. McTavish and Neil were left alone on the stage with another new character who seemed to have emerged out of nowhere. It was the sinister Vernon R. Williams (alias Skip Conroy) played with the proper ingredients of "smooth operator" type shiftiness by Rob Small. Sanders and Williams both tried to negotiate with Mr. McTavish who was uninterested. After a trick switching of dates by Heather, Andy and Neil ended up with Keena and Heather respectively. Andy and Keena were in disagreement and expressed their thoughts in a duet whose catchy tune sung by Mary Ann Fraser and Kim Strauss may well have been the musical highlight of the evening. Then Heather and Neil took the spotlight during the dance with another girl-boy duet, *For This is My Dream*. When Neil went off with Mr. McTavish to discuss business, Heather was left alone on the stage to





sing *Softly Gleams* and later joined by the chorus. The next scene, in which Williams and Denise LaChance planned their crime, was an undoubtedly popular one, and much praise and credit must go to Rob Small and Alison Allan for their excellent handling of it. After they became acquainted, "Skip Conroy" and Denise decided to steal the ice pool money and flee the mining site. Mention should be made also that the effective dance routine in this scene was the creation of Rob Small and Alison Allan themselves. Because Heather was accidentally listening in on their scheming, Williams took her away and tied her up in a mine-shaft. When Williams left with Heather, Neil appeared responding to Heather's cries for help. Denise pretended it was an animal cry and faked a sprained ankle in order to stall Neil. She stole his handkerchief to place as incriminating evidence at the scene of the crime. Mr. McTavish was deeply upset to find his daughter missing and Bob Grieve evoked from the audience genuine sympathy for the old man. The chorus heightened the sense of urgency by going into a stirring song, *Mr. McTavish's Daughter Is Gone*. The directions were given and the search for Heather began, illustrated in part by a pantomime (choreography by Jean Leach) performed by the chorus of girls. The closing of the first act found Keena alone on the stage, where she summoned her Indian brothers, the Lokanee to help look for Heather. *O, Lokanee* was a soft and lyrically haunting song — "Children of the Manitou, In thy tongue I summon thee, Fly here on the eagle's wing, Children of the Northland free" and Mary Ann Fraser rendered it in a suitably delicate voice. She radiated a quiet dignity which seemed perfect to close the first act.







The second act opened with a repetition of *O, Lokanee* sung by Keena again and the appearance of the Indian chief and his tribe. Sandy Tudor struck an imposing figure as Chief Ok-na-tei and his deep, stoic voice helped to emanate an Indian mystique. The Indians offered to help Keena if she would return to the Lokanee tribe. Remembering her love for Andy, a white man, she sadly rejected the trade. The search still went on and Andy and the chorus decided to call on the R.C.M.P. for help. *There's A Legend* set the stage for the entrance of the two mounties. John Vanstone played the frustrated Sergeant Bing, longing for unattainable noble deeds. John Hutchins played Bing's nit-wit side-kick Constable Abercrombie. These two lads really played on the slap-stick and their comical antics left the audience in a state of great mirth. They sang two humorous songs lamenting the lost glamour of the R.C.M.P., *Once In Days Long Gone* and *Now, This Has Been The History*. Then with dubious capability they entered into the search for Heather. When Herbie the cook reported the theft of the ice pool money, Andy and the others suspected Neil Sanders because his handkerchief was found at the scene of the crime. Neil had a pretty sound hunch that Heather had been kidnapped by Williams and the LaChance girl and was relating his ideas to old McTavish when the Mounties and miners nabbed him. But he made a quick escape and the Mounties hand-cuffed Mr. McTavish by mistake. Williams and LaChance appeared again gloating over the success of their skullduggery, *We'll Go to the Bright Lights*. After some confusion, Neil returned with Heather and the true criminals were found out. A tender song of love follows, *On the Matter of True Love* sung by Neil and Heather and Andy and Keena. Then Mr. McTavish discovered that these young couples were in love. The search for "Skip Conroy" and Denise LaChance continued in a wild chase performed in pantomime reminiscent of the old silent films. The whole cast took part in the chase to the accompaniment of "a-Go-Go" music performed by David Hutchins, Bill Wilson, Norm Coleman and Dale Baier. The thieves were cornered by the Indians and put under the charge of the two brave Mounties. At this moment the ice went out, and the winner of the pool was Andy. Great jubilation followed and the entire cast joined in the stirring finale *For This Is Our Dream*.

The sets for Ice Pool, designed by Mr. Leach, were effectively nothing more than suggestive — a sort of dance and meeting hall for the first act, and a forest of pine trees for the second act. They provided an excellent background for the first act, and a forest of pine trees for the second act. They provided an excellent background for this lively musical with its colourful costumes. Credit must go to Mrs. Leach for choreography, make-up, and costumes; to Joe Harwood and Jim Reid for stage crew work; and to Eric Ferguson for props.

Finally praise must be given Mr. Tunney for his fine musical direction and piano accompaniment, and to Mr. Leach for his dynamic stage and artistic direction — it was he who infused this musical play with vitality.

—Paul Maurice

Spring Festival

Each spring the junior school performs two groups of short dramatic pieces before the student body. This year both plays offered an evening of variety and entertainment.

The evening began with the thespians of Firth House. Under the direction of Mr. Kevin Tunney the grade sevens presented '*Library Open Hours*'. The play concerns itself with a library under the direction of the aged Mr. Charles (Steve McCartney) and his assistant Mrs. Jay (Leonard Connelly). The janitor (D'Arcy Phelan) Mrs. Wertz (Will Comor) Miss Harris (Scott Hammond) and the old Mr. Kane (Jim Lush) made up the remainder of the cast.

The play was an illustration emphasizing the fact that libraries should stay open longer.

The senior members of Firth House presented the play '*Brothers in Arms*' under the direction of Mr. A.H. Jewell. The setting is somewhere in Northern Canada. Abandoned by their guide, J. Altrus Brown (Doug McKenzie) a jittery business executive and his romantic wife Dorthea (Chris Baldry) are confronted with the problem of how to get out of 'this Godforsaken woods'. Syd (Ralph Olive) a frontiersman, is of no help and in fact he is a hinderance. While awaiting the arrival of Charlie (John Simms) another frontiersman, we are entertained by the dry humour of Syd and the impatient J. Altrus Brown. Then Charlie arrives, delays the departure of Browne by his story of the hunt and reveals to him that they could have left much earlier because Syd was part owner of the only car and was able to drive them to town so that Brown could get to his important business matter. We are left with the moral — 'Ask and ye shall find'.

The presentation of '*Title Go*' by the grade nines and under the directions of Mr. Advokaat perked up the somewhat dull evening. Our setting is the dressing room of Mike Bradley (Pete Ampleford) welterweight championship of the world. We meet Chorty (Stew MacDonald) the trusty trainer and Larry Sullivan (Guy McLaughlin) the diabolical Manager. The group of reporters (Lee Goggin, Gary Crawford, Pete Vasoff and John Shemilt) gave us the atmosphere of the typical dressing room scene yet their lack of enthusiasm did not convince us that it was a championship bout. With the meeting of Nick Danley (Chuck Barton) a gambler, brought out the main plot — to throw the fight or not. Bradley's decision comes when he meets Tommy (Mike Dawson) a small boy who is living in the same neighbourhood as did the champ. Bradley decides to throw the fight, not to help Danley's lust for money, but to help the kid; it is his moral obligation. We feel that in the end Bradley does the right thing and we feel that Danley gets his just reward when the champ knocks him down. This play, I feel, changed the atmosphere of the house, because it was more refined in its dramatic presentation than the two previous plays. The curtains open once again and the stage setting was a beach where we met the characters of the grade ten play entitled the '*Sandbox*'. The play, written by Edward Albee (writer of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*) and directed by Mr. Paul Maurice, was a bitter comedy about our sterile society. We first meet the Young Man (Joe Harwood) nameless because his being is devoid of soul or meaning. Mommy (Dale Baier) represents the typical American Mom. Daddy (Jim Reid) is her hen-pecked husband. They bring Grandma (Chris Rogers) to the beach, dump her in the sandbox, and wait for her to die. Death must make its entrance alone, however, so Mommy and Daddy leave while the musician (Brian Reynolds) plays on. The Young Man comes to Granny and reveals that he is the Angel of Death. He kisses Grandma. The play ends with an oddly satisfying and poetic sigh of mingled sorrow and joy.

Of the evening's performances, I feel that '*The Sandbox*' was the most outstanding.

The curtains have now drawn together and the hall is emptied, but we shall return to see next year's Annual Spring Festival.

—Harry Huriy



The Headmaster with the School Committee

Mr. Rudy Platiel of the Globe and Mail attended our one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary dinner on March 11th and subsequently returned to the school to interview staff and students. His sensitive understanding of our school and its aims were greatly appreciated. We take pleasure in reproducing some of the pictures he took as well as the excellent article he wrote on Pickering College.

Bold Old Methods At Old School

An article written by Mr. Rudy Platiel which appeared in the *Toronto Globe and Mail* on Wednesday, May 24th, 1967.

The boy raised his stick and imitated the sound of machine-gun fire while his grinning companion jumped into the air with arms flung wide and fell into the dust.

A few moments later the boy looked up rather sheepishly at an approaching stranger and said: "I guess this doesn't look so good — I mean us playing war games and this being a Quaker school and all".

The boy's sudden feeling of regret wasn't motivated by fear of any scolding or punishment. It was probably an uneasy feeling that somehow he had failed slightly in a personal responsibility to the school, which teaches that the most important lessons to be learned are human relations, affection, understanding and respect for one's neighbor.

Pickering College is a private boys' boarding school where no student is ever strapped and where school discipline is maintained through a combination of reasoning, trust and affection.

It is a school founded and operated by a religious group but an educational institution so free of religious dogma that it attracts students from all religious faiths and many foreign countries.

It is a school where the emphasis is on learning to relate to one's fellow man; where students elect their own leaders as a committee to help operate the school and where the decision about expelling a student is likely to be left by the headmaster to the student committee.

It may sound like a bold new *avante garde* experiment in education, but Pickering College is celebrating its 125th anniversary this year.

The school was founded by the Society of Friends, a religious group known as Quakers, in an age when almost every other private school was patterned after the British public school system.

However, the Quakers felt the school should be Canadian, not British, so they ruled out corporal punishment and the use of the cane and established a form of democratic student government.

Long before it became fashionable to talk of child psychology, the school's founders decided that teaching students the difference between right and wrong should not be based on fear of the rod but by making each boy feel morally responsible for his actions.

Students are taught that no matter whether they are Protestants, Roman Catholics or Jews, their relationship to God can only be revealed through their relationship with their neighbor.

"There is an emphasis here on relationship rather than on regulations," said Headmaster Harry Beer, a former student.

"We must respect the human dignity of each boy, no matter what kind of a



mistake he's made. You must make demands on the boy but it has to be in a spirit of friendliness—not that of the sergeant-major."

"This is the philosophy given to us by the Quakers and it is really no different than the philosophy used by any good mother and father."

This emphasis on human dignity has bred a close fraternal relationship between the 150 boys and 17 masters inside the Georgian-style red brick buildings.

Each master is not only a teacher but a personal counsellor for 10 to 12 boys—a father away from home.

Symbolic of this fraternal pattern of life is the procedure at meals. In the huge new dining hall, each master sits at a table with seven or eight boys. He places the food on each plate and passes it to the students.

Discipline is maintained by reasoning with a boy. The ultimate punishment used when reason fails is withdrawal of one of the many privileges granted to the students.

At Pickering College each boy is compelled to participate in sports—a doctor's recommendation against it is the only escape. Although the school has only 150 boys, its reputation in some sports fields is legendary. In Senior B football, only once in the past decade has a school team failed to capture the Georgian Bay district championship.

On the school's 250-acre grounds is a farm operated by school employees. Cows milked by machines provide fresh milk daily for the students.

The first steps toward establishing the school came in 1839 at a meeting in a Quaker Meeting House outside Newmarket, services.

John Joseph Gurney, a brother of Elizabeth Fry, encouraged the Society of Friends to establish a boarding school near Picton. It was opened in 1842 near West Lake and later in the century was moved to Pickering from which it took its name.

In 1906 the school was destroyed by fire and a new structure was built in Newmarket, almost within sight of the meeting place where the idea for such a school was first proposed.

Pickering College operated as a co-educational boarding school until 1917 when the Quakers turned the buildings over to the Government to be used as a military hospital. It reopened in 1927 as a boys' boarding school—a move most students still regard with mixed feelings.

Despite its relatively small enrolment, the school has contributed more than its share to Canada's External Affairs Department.

Two former masters went on to become an ambassador and high commissioner and a former student became High Commissioner to Pakistan.

Over the years a number of diplomats have sent their sons to Pickering College and even the current group includes the son of one ambassador.

In 1842 it cost a parent 12 pounds and 10 shillings to send a boy to the Quaker School. Today the tuition fee is \$2,300 and the students come from such places as San Francisco and the West Indies.

"But we don't have only the sons of the wealthy," Mr. Beer said. "Lots of mothers have gone back to work to put their boys in Pickering. We even have boys placed here by the Children's Aid Society."

The school receives no grants from the Ontario Department of Education ("that is what we mean when we say this is an independent school") and according to the terms of its charter, at least 50 per cent of the board of directors must be Quakers.

There is an emphasis on religion at the school but the approach is so open that members of almost every religion find no conflict.

"We have a saying here at Pickering that there should be as much religion in a hockey game, a math lesson or a bull session in the corridor as there is in a formal church service," Mr. Beer said.

Students and school staff alike feel that one of the main keys to the success of Pickering College is its democratic approach to student government and operation of the school.

"We are consulted on about 90 per cent of the things—even student expulsion," said Don Farquhar of North Bay, chairman of the student committee.

This spirit of mutual respect and co-operation forges a strong bond of comradeship behind the four Corinthian columns that guard the entrance to Pickering.

"I wouldn't go back to any other school," said student James Leslie. "There are a lot of times when you curse this place but when you stop and think about it, there isn't another place like it—it's great." ■



Maddened By Moustery

The incontrovertible detective was sitting at the foot of his bed one morning when a high-strung and very nervous young woman came rushing into our apartment on Lower Water Street demanding to see him. He received the young woman with surprising grace even though she arrived just as we were rising.

My friend said to her cheerfully, "I am glad to see that my landlady has taken the liberty to turn on the propane heater as you seem rather cold".

"I am not cold. It is my uncle who makes meshiver, as I am afraid of him."

"Have no fear, I am here," he replied, in one of his proverbial sayings.

"I see that you have come to us by plane this morning," he mused.

"How did you know?"

"It was very simple," he replied "I noticed the second half of your boarding pass sticking out of your pocket. I also know that you had to walk a short distance to a bus-stop because of the mixture of snow and mud on your boots."

"Now, tell me why you are here," he asked her.

"I am Janice Morgan and I have come here to ask you to solve a problem. My sister died about a week before she was supposed to be married. The few nights before her death she complained to me about hearing a noise like the howling of a wolf while she was in bed.

"My uncle is now having renovations done and I have to sleep in my sister's bedroom and I am afraid of what may happen. I am now hearing the noises which my sister complained about. And now I am scared. There is a small hole in the wall, but only a mouse could get through it."

Then my friend suggested, "We'll take a trip to your house this afternoon".

The journey down was a very pleasant one, and the house was exactly as she had described it. My friend then searched the bedroom and found the hole. So we asked Miss Morgan if she minded sleeping in her original bedroom. She did so very peacefully and when she left, the incontrovertible detective decided to disguise himself as a rat and take a trip into the mousehole.

He was gone for the longest time, and then suddenly I heard a scream just as my friend came charging out of the mousehole. He quickly changed and ran into the next room, where Miss Morgan's uncle was lying dead on the floor. There was also a dead mouse beside him.

The incontrovertible detective explained afterwards that there was a poison mouse in the mousehole. It was trained by Mr. Morgan so that it would come and go as Mr. Morgan wanted, via a supersonic device.

"The supersonic device," he explained, "was the origin of the wolf-like sounds which were heard."

My friend scared the mouse and it attacked the first living thing in sight, which happened to be Mr. Morgan.

"The reason that the mouse died was that Mr. Morgan flicked the switch to the highest frequency just as he was dying. This the mouse could not stand, and accordingly, he died," explained my friend. Miss Morgan breathed a sigh of relief that she could live her own life happily, even though she grieved the death of her uncle.

Although she offered to pay the incontrovertible detective, he refused her by saying that he did it for the love of a moustery.

—Rob Renouf

Inspired Department

*Let Dylan be the saviour
and all the boys and mum nosh
at the House of the Rising Sun
When ten noodles of truth
red-eyed and grim
put today in cards
of that Communist movement
that touched every bit of
blood-stained Vietnam
and people's minds in today's turmoil
of destruction and racial riots
let sea be free and the people know the truth
for the world must someday
come to an end.*

*Let the man who killed the soldier
in Dallas go punished
and his killer go free for the
Lord planned it that way
we must meditate and speculate
for the sin of the world
we are not perfect and the
red-eyed ring of justice shall end us.
Let the soul music of the times go on inspired
Let it teach us
for it is what made us
it is what will end us
beauty's only there to be seen
and the prostitutes know this
for the wolves without teeth and
the girls of the street
let there be mercy.*

*Let drug addicts have freedom
for it is their lives they spoil
and let the demonstrators go on demonstrating
Let them get what they feel
out of their bodies
Let it leave them free
and clear minded
Let people who are different
live their own lives
don't bother these forgotten
souls of destitute
for it is their lives they ruin
and they are much happier than we.*

—Gord Schlegel

Copycat Archy Revised

*I walked down the wide
street thinking
from a door a man
asked me if I wanted
to buy
a color television
dialogue starts here
man speaking from store
to man on street
this beautiful admiral
television set is not
usually advertised at this
price
man on street
out of kindness he
walks into store then
he speaks
what is the unusual
price
salesman says
it is very high
but in your case
I would cut it in half
second man says
you would sacrifice
the price
for men
salesman says
that I would
second man speaks
I am truly sorry
but I do not
have the available money
now.*

*He the salesman asks
if the price was
still too high
the second man explaining further
and at the same time
trying not to
get heated insists on
politely as he could that
he cannot afford the television
set.
At this point a confession
starts.
Salesman with tears in
his eyes says
please
I must sell it
and you must buy it.
Salesman babbling on how
his poor wife and kids will
starve if he doesn't sell it and
make some money.
Second man very touched
tears in his eyes also,
sweat streaming into his
eyes
Salesmans eyes also
it is a very hot
day when the second man
walks back out to the side
walk
Under breath salesman
says:
"You dirty son of a bitch
only want to make a buck"
Under breath second man
says
"I only want to save a
buck".*

— Dan Benedict

A Spoiled Brat

*I'm a spoiled little brat
I am short and I am fat
I have everything you would want
Other kids I would taunt.*

*I have a boat and a little train
I have a lion with a great mane
I have a scooter and a bike
I own Holland and every dike.*

*I have some fish in a little pool
And I go to a private school
I have a Nanny, my clothes she'll mend
The only thing I don't have is a friend.*

*I sit in my backyard after school
And look at my fish in my little pool.
And then I'd ride around on my little red scooter.
And then I'd go to classes with my special tutor.*

— Jim Lush.

A Ballad in Cadence and Dramatic Monologue

*There once was an onomatopoeia
this was quite something to see
he metaphor
at his door
and said
in a mood of personified alliteration
"simile
you're on Candid Camera"*

by rhythm, rhyme and lyric

— Dan Benedict

The Lake

*I know a lake no man has seen,
Where all living creatures strive,
And all animals live in harmony
And don't have to fight to keep their lives.*

*If these simple things can live in peace
And not war upon each other,
Why don't you get off the beat
And treat one just like another?*

*Is it destined all men should fight,
And with wars and such
When at this lake there's peace both day and night,
And even dogs don't fight so much?*

*The lake's enchanting beauty,
Its lush green grass adored,
I think that it's my duty
To say that there you're never bored.*

*The gorgeous lilies make me a slave,
Its snow-white swans so sleek,
I love to sit upon the banks and gaze
At its beauty so unique.*

*But maybe some day a man will come
And learn the gentle way
Of all the creatures far and wide
That live around the lake.*

—Roddy Lawson

*In the dark and cold cellar
Where the guys do smoke
A man parades against our hang-up
And says we shouldn't smoke
This man did smoke
But he claims he quit
Because when he heard about lung-cancer
He took a fit
When he sees a boy endanger his life
His usual smile turns very vile
'I am scared to death' says he
'that you won't live to be thirty-three'
So after he's scared the habit away
He goes back up the stairs where you can
see the light of day
And the last thing I heard him say was
Where are my matches?*

—Ron Green

This is Canada

*This is Canada where crimson sun
Pokes its firey face out of beds of wrecks
O'er the slumbering crags of Newfoundland;
This is Canada where misty Maritimes
Open her eyes to a new dawn,
Where air is foul with fish, fair with hope;
This is Canada where incompatible tongues
Live and partly live, where the new is
Crushed with reminiscents of the old;
This is Canada where mineral north and
Industrial wasteland grow
To feed the glutton below;
This is Canada where boundless prairies
Roll and roll and roll
Till they can roll no more.
Bread-basket of a starving land;
This is Canada where majestic mountains
Tower upward as arms in prayer, where
The setting sun falls and hisses in the sea;
This is Canada, land of barren plains, bloomless,
Where promises are made for
Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow;
This is Canada, a tot upon its wavering legs
Needing a parental hand?*

NO!

*This is Canada home of the free!
Home of nations within a nation
That stand on guard for thee.
And sweet and strong shall their voices be
To proclaim her name and stand on guard for thee,
Till Death silences them all
And into oblivion they shall fall.*

— Harry Huriy



Father David Bauer

The Closing Dinner

The New Dining Hall was again in a state of formal splendor when we all gathered to observe the end of another chapter in the long, long history of Pickering College. We are grateful to Mr. Al Jewel for his skillful directorship in the Dining Hall and the way that he creates an environment within it which is so appropriate to our special occasions.

The Closing Dinner 1967 was made especially memorable to those present by a particularly distinguished guest, Father Bauer, coach of Canada's victorious Olympic Hockey Team. Father Bauer spoke with warmth and gave a message which touched young and old. He explained how participation in extra curricular activities could be a strong factor in a person's growth academically. Athletics of course is Father Bauer's specialty, but he spoke of other things too, such as the arts and recreations which can often uncover an unsuspected talent within a person's makeup and the confidence derived from a rewarding performance in that activity builds a willingness to strive towards goals in other fields.

We were also honoured by the presence of an eminent Old Boy, Dr. Taylor Statten, who addressed the assembly with words of wisdom not to mention a little humour.

As is the custom at the Closing Dinner, those outstanding citizens of the past year were called forward to receive awards in recognition of their achievements and contributions. The Garratt Cane, our School's greatest honour, is awarded each year by the members of the Graduating Class to the student who in their opinion best exemplifies the ideals of Pickering College. The Widdrington Award is given to members of the Graduating Class who have made a notable contribution to the life of our community in student affairs and leadership. Bob Russel was awarded both these honours. The Rogers Cane is presented to the student in Firth House who has contributed most to the life of the House by exemplifying the motto "All for one and one for all." The Rogers Cane went to Wally Ducharme.



Bob Russel receives the Garratt Cane from the Headmaster, Mr. Beer.



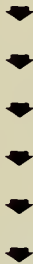
Wally Ducharme receives the Rogers Cane from the Chairman of the Board, Mr. Rogers.



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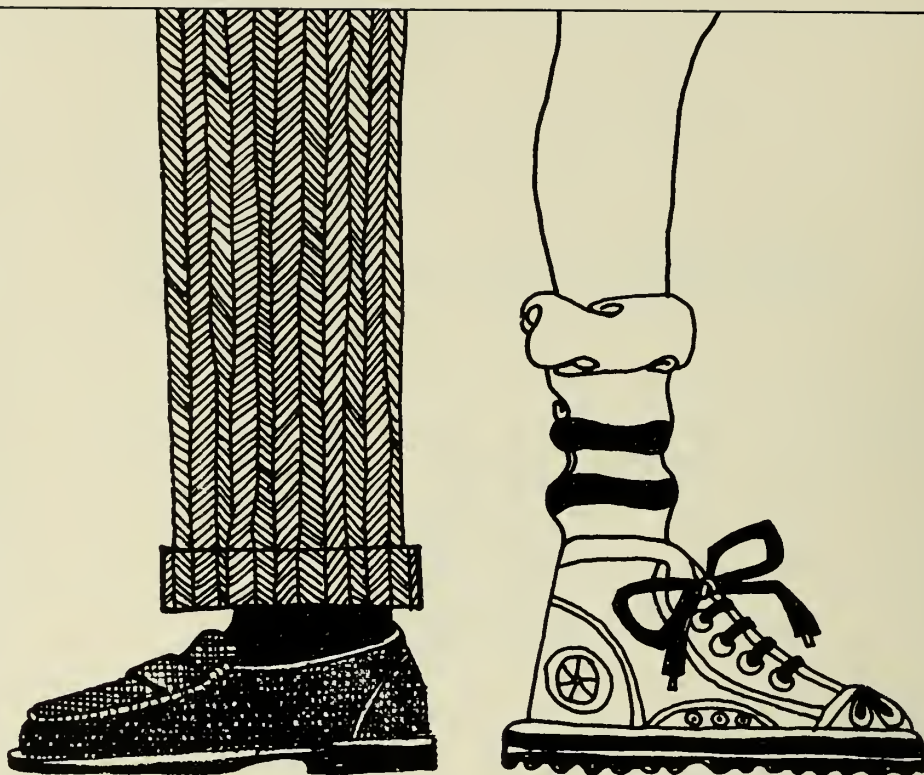
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